

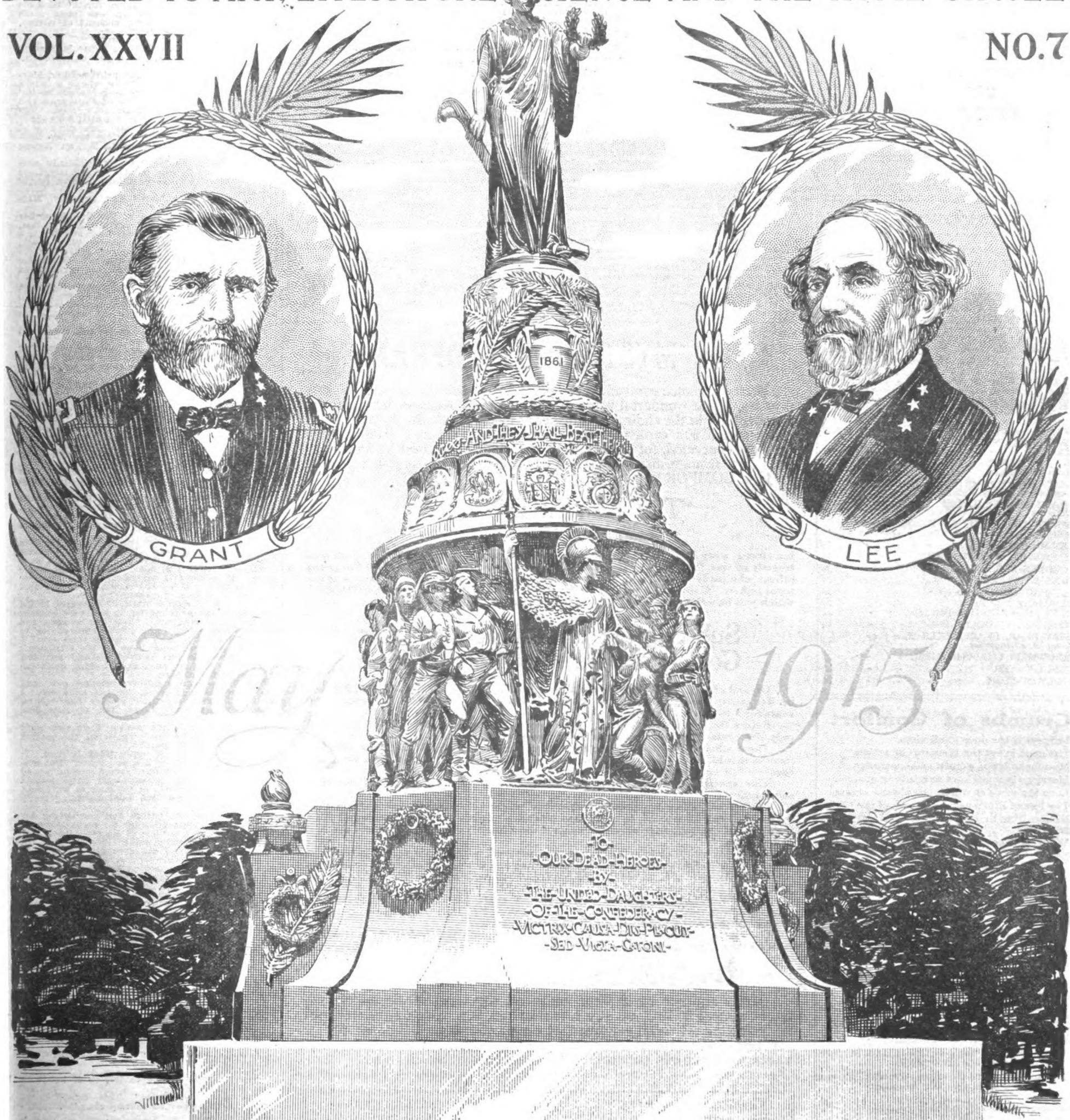
# CONFERENCE

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

VOL. XXVII

NO. 7



Monument to Confederate Dead  
Arlington National Cemetery.

Published at  
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**Crumbs of Comfort**

Idleness is the door to all vices.

The good is but the beautiful in action.

Men make laws; women make manners.

Marriage is sometimes only a long quarrel.

Love is a game at which one always cheats.

The loss of illusions is the death of the soul.

No one likes to be pitied on account of his errors.

Wine reddens the face to hide the blushes of shame.

If there is a fruit that can be eaten raw it is beauty.

With women, friendship ends when rivalry begins.

In jealousy there is usually more self-love than love.

A gold bit in his mouth does not make the horse any better.

There is nothing that fear or hope does not make men believe.

He who thinks himself good for everything is often good for nothing.

Beauty is the first gift nature gives to woman and the first she takes from her.

God created in our misery the kisses of children for the tears of the mothers.

What would we not give to still have in store half the time that we have wasted?

Heaven protect us from our friends; we can protect ourselves against our enemies.

The beauty of a young girl should speak to the imagination and not to the senses.

The greatest evidence of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth for money's sake.

Why should we complain when we are so little moved by the complaints of others?

The wealthiest man is he who is most economical; the poorest is he who is most miserly.

Woman is a charming creature who changes her heart as easily as she changes her gloves.

A child becomes for its parents, according to the training it receives, a blessing or a curse.

There is a greater difference between some men and others than there is between some men and the beasts.

# The Littlest Lover

By Addie Frankenberger

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**M**ARGARET, suppose you and I cut out the acquaintance of Mr. Jack Ford."

"Oh!" drawled the girl under her breath. Her chin settled itself within the hollow of her hand and her eyes shot gleams of mingled merriment and audacity. With a gesture that was in itself a caress she put out her hand toward the young man who towered above her.

"Sit down, Robert," she commanded. "I can talk better when you are on a level with me."

The man made no motion to obey but stood regarding her with grave eyes.

"You won't come down to my level, you superior being!" Then I suppose I shall have to make a strenuous effort to climb up to yours."

The girl pulled herself up by his coat sleeve and stood on tiptoe her laughing face in close proximity to his.

"Do you know, Robert, dear?" she remarked, mischievously irrelevant. "Miss Hooper says you are by far the handsomest man at the reception. I heard her say it. Now what do you think of that?"

The young man frowned. "Can't you be serious for one minute, Margaret? You know, I don't often interfere with your flirtations. Heaven knows, I have tried to be reasonable with you. I have not demanded all your time and attention. But I don't want such a fellow as Jack Ford hanging around my promised wife."

"Oh, Jack Ford," said Margaret innocently, "what difference does that make?"

"It makes a vast amount of difference whether his name is coupled with yours or not. I've stood a good deal of nonsense from you, little girl, but I won't stand for that."

"Honesty! Poor, dear boy!" She leaned toward him and brought her bewitching face so near to his that he all but fell into the trap set for him. He forced himself back in the nick of time. What an adorable little wretch she was!

"Margaret—" he began, but got no further.

"Ah, ha! here you are!" Jack Ford himself bore jauntily down upon the scene. He bowed low over Margaret's hand, and totally regardless of the blackness of Jordan's brow he slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"How are you, old man?" he exclaimed joyfully, then turned with a smile to Margaret. "Miss Alden, my sister sent me to search you out and bring you to the conservatory. May I have the honor?" With your permission, sir," essaying an elaborate bow of mock deference to Robert.

Margaret's eyes snapped mischievously. It was a situation altogether to her liking. As she was being borne away she cast a facetious glance over her shoulder. Robert's face was a study. Turning directly about, in the very face of the

flippish young man at her side, she threw her lover an impulsive kiss.

Returning to the reception-room a half hour later Margaret was not a little surprised and nonplussed to find her betrothed conspicuous by his absence. It was a new departure. She shrugged her shoulders with a seriocomic air and wondered whimsically if the proverbial worm had turned.

It was wholly unlike Robert Jordon to abandon the field under any sort of provocation. If he had been a quitter—well, if he had he could not have held capricious Margaret Alden as he had done. She glared in his strength, and kept him in hot water accordingly.

To show how little she was disturbed by his absence she plunged into another reckless flirtation with Jack Ford, but the zest of the game was gone. There was no fun in it unless she could tease Robert. Presently, assuming an air of pensive innocence, she wandered over to the end of the veranda where her mother sat.

"Having a good time, little mother?" she asked. Then casually remarked as if on second thought. "You haven't seen anything of that big boy of mine around here, have you?"

"Robert?" questioned the mother. "Why, Robert left nearly half an hour ago. Did he not explain his going to you?"

"No, I didn't happen to be present just at that time." Margaret colored guiltily under her mother's searching eye, and executed a beseeching little pantomime. Mrs. Alden smiled, but pre-  
pared a discreet silence. She knew her willful girl.

Margaret always confided her worst escapades to her mother. It was the way she "appeased her troublesome conscience" she often laughingly averred. The troublesome conscience seemed to be getting in its work, for she soon sought her mother again.

"I am dead tired of this, mother," she said wearily, "let us go home." To which the mother acquiesced.

On reaching home they found the "other lover" in possession of the porch hammock working off his impatience by kicking the paint off the side of the house in his violent efforts to touch a certain point. Margaret sat down beside the six-year-old and he immediately began his usual bombardment.

"Where you been, Margaret?"

"Oh, to a tiresome reception." Margaret grumbled at the recollection. "It was a great bore."

"Didn't Robert be there?"

"Yes, Mr. Pry. Robert did be there."

"For why then didn't he come home with you?"

"For why then did he need to come home with me?" mimicked Margaret. "Couldn't my mother bring me home?"

"Yes, but Robert always does. For why didn't he?"

"Because he went away before we started home," said Margaret in a tone of finality cal-

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GUY P. GANNETT, Ass't. Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1915.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) FRANK E. SMITH, Notary Public.

(My commission expires Feb. 26, 1922.)

culated to settle the question. "Now, are you satisfied?"

"What for?" relentlessly pursued the embryo lawyer.

Margaret gave the hammock a little quick tilt that rolled the young inquisitor like a rubber ball out onto the soft rug. He clambered up sputtering indignantly:

"For what did you do that?"

In the little tussle for the possession of the hammock that followed he forgot for the time his cross-examination. When he was once more settled in his place, after a moment of silence, he started off on a new track.

"Marg'ret, what's a 'narn't flirt'?"

"A what? Now what sort of a bee is buzzing in that gray matter of yours, you animated interrogator point?"

"I ain't a 'nated 'tergation point neither, Margaret Alden! I want to know what's a 'narn't flirt,' 'cause I heard Miss Hooper say you're it."

"Oh!" There was a mixture of annoyance and pettish mischief in Margaret's face. "So Miss Hooper says I am an arrant dirt, does she?"

"Yes, she did, an' she said you ain't good enough for Robert, an' I 1st told her my Margaret's whole wagon loads better'n her, an' Robert thinks so too."

Margaret's dancing eyes became suddenly serious. "I am not so sure of that, honey boy," she said soberly. "I guess he thinks I am a pretty girl."

"But you ain't a 'narn't flirt, are you, Margaret? What's a 'narn't flirt'?"

The timely intervention of the child's mother calling him home saved Margaret's face at last. Left alone she swung slowly back and forth, a slight frown wrinkling her brow. Why should people indulge in idle gossip about her? Was she not the arbiter of her own actions? She arose and went into the house where she encountered her mother's grave face.

"I see I'm in for it," she remarked with a characteristic grimace. "I might as well make a full and complete confession." She brought a low stool and seated herself at her mother's knee.

"Where shall I begin? Let me see, where did I leave off last time?"

The upturned face was so alluringly sweet that the mother involuntarily bent and kissed it. She found it well nigh impossible to be severe, but she earnestly strove to do her duty.

"It really is a serious matter, dear," she said stroking her daughter's soft hair. "You must realize that a girl cannot be too careful of her reputation. People can only judge of your character by your outward actions, and so you ought not by word or deed to afford the slightest grounds for misinterpretation of your conduct."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the girl, "life is such a complicated affair. It's dreadful to have to be always on your good behavior."



# EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

## Defenselessness of United States Is Alarming

THE frightful carnage in Europe has forced on our attention the question of how to avoid war,—whether by arming or disarming. We had hoped against hope (and millions persisted in that hope, futile though it was) that there was enough good sense in the world, no matter how great the armament of the European powers, to avert war

We flattered ourselves with the idea that with the Hague peace palace, the intermarriage of royalties, the greater sense of national responsibility, the deeper appreciation of the value of human life, the spread of democratic ideals, the desire of the great banking houses to keep capital profitably and peacefully employed, would all tend to avert a universal clash of arms. Alas! we flattered ourselves too much. Dynastic ambitions were more powerful than democratic ideals, the spirit of nationalism instead of diminishing with time, experience has shown, has intensified, and the altruistic ideal of world-wide brotherhood, has become for the present at least an iridescent dream.

It was a rude shock to us all, for the things we had placed so much reliance upon, the things our better natures told us ought forever to still the thunder of guns and the clash of steel, turned out to be as flimsy as a spider's web in comparison with those twin Molochs, greed and ambition, which still rule in the hearts of those who control the destinies of nations.

Our peace dreams (thanks to living under democratic institutions and being nourished on democratic ideals) had carried us at least a century ahead of our time and with a sickening thud we have been brought back from the blue skies of hope and peace to the cold, cruel earth where every clod, in Europe at least, seems destined to be a soldier's sepulcher.

Let us reason together. Once our geographical position gave us immunity, but science has obliterated our isolation and at any moment, the thunder of an enemy's guns may be heard in our ports, our coast cities may crumble, our Atlantic seaboard be as desolate as war-stricken Belgium. Do we want to be overrun by the armed hordes of Europe and Asia? We certainly do not. We want to work out our salvation in our own way, and that the other American republics may do likewise; so we have issued notice of the "Munroe Doctrine" that no European or Asiatic nation shall be permitted to acquire another inch of territory upon this continent. This policy is vital to the interests of all America. Yet Europe does not take this declaration of ours seriously, for we have been only too painfully reminded of late that might and force are the only determining factors in national policies, and that no declarations or protests of ours will have any weight with the rulers of the world, unless backed up by big guns, smokeless powder, battleships, aeroplanes, submarines and men trained to handle them in war.

We may prate of disarmament in time of peace. To those who do not know the real dangers it sounds well as put forward by impractical theorists and visionaries, all of whom would, were the enemy at our gates, be screaming for soldiers, sailors and battleships to protect them the same as our missionaries in barbarous Turkey today are demanding U. S. battleships and marines to protect them.

Had Jean Jaurès, the French Socialist leader, had his way in disarming France, the Paris he loved would by now in all probability be a part of the German Empire, for the German socialists are backing the Kaiser in his invasion of France. Had Britain listened to the warnings of Lord Roberts and other far-seeing men, Belgium today would not be a mass of smoking ruins, its wealthiest citizens standing in the bread line, a million of its people heart-broken refugees in foreign lands, and six millions more lying prostrate beneath the heel of the merciless conqueror.

Democracies despise war, and for that reason seldom prepare for it, or if they do prepare, prepare inadequately. Thus it was that neither England nor France could render to Belgium the timely help that might have saved her.

And right here let me expose the hollow hypocrisy of the proposition that the Belgians might have avoided all trouble by permitting the Germans to occupy Belgium and make it a base of operations against France and England. Belgium was neutral, not concerned in the war, and it is the duty of a neutral country not to permit its territory or any part of it to be occupied, traversed, or made a base of

as moral obligation and national honor, requires a neutral nation to defend its neutrality and resist with all its might any attempted violation of its territory by a belligerent.

Had the Belgians consented or even submitted, without resistance, to the Kaiser's proposal to march his army into their territory as a means of attacking France or England, it would have been an act of war on the part of Belgium against France or England. Therefore, the German invasion of Belgium forced war on the Belgians and left them only the choice of which side they would fight on

If there is a feud between two of your neighbors and you mind your own business and keep out of it, you are neutral. But if you should let one of them come into your house to shoot out of your window at the other you would be joining the feud and there would be no doubt which side you were on; and if the shot fired from your house with your knowledge and consent should kill the other neighbor the law would hold you guilty of murder equally with the man that fired it. International law applies the same rule to feuds between nations.

The case of Belgium illustrates how a nation, however peaceably disposed, may be forced into most disastrous war by a feud of its neighbors. If the German navy predominated as largely as the British navy does, and in the present war Germany saw fit to land an army anywhere on the coast of Maine and march across the State to attack Canada, the United States, in present condition of unpreparedness, could not muster force enough to prevent such an invasion.

What would this country say to a President or an administration that allowed Maine or any other State to be "Belgiumized"?

Directly we talk of adequately protecting our shores and raising a sufficient force to repel invasion, our ears are assaulted with the preposterous cries of militarism. This is the merest piffle. This is not a militaristic nation and never will be. The term militarism is greatly misunderstood. Militarism means that the military dominates the government as it does in certain European nations. The United States armies and navies are under the control of the people instead of the people being controlled by them, and the armed forces of the state are looked upon as necessary evils, tolerated under protest, instead of patriotic machines to be encouraged and worshipped.

In all branches of our military and naval arms we are deplorably deficient. It takes six months to create even apologies for soldiers, and longer time still is necessary to properly arm and equip them.

As to just what steps should be taken to protect our shores and the lives of our citizens from a foreign foe we can well leave to military and naval experts who are versed in such matters. Whether we adopt the Swiss system, an admirable system by the way, or some other system equally good, is immaterial as long as protection is given us. Let us be so well prepared for defense—and that is all we want—that no one will care to attack us. Our readers must learn to discriminate between aggressive militarism and defensive common sense. Armaments cost money but they cost little in comparison with war. Europe is an armed camp and Japan is a menace. Vain and foolish is that man who thinks we can keep our shores inviolate, our enormously wealthy country free from invasion by peace platitudes and soft talk. That may be done a hundred years hence, but until that time arrives we must be ready to meet the enemy at the gate with more than soft words. Envious eyes are always turned upon us, and we know not when the hour of our travail may come—and it may come quickly.

## Nation-Wide Prohibition of Liquor Is Coming in the U. S. as Well as in Europe

FROM the beginning of the war Earl Kitchener, head of the British War Department, has urged the suppression of the grogshops as a military necessity, and the government responded by shortening the daily period that the saloons are permitted to keep open and by otherwise restricting their business.

Even thus restricted and reduced the drink evil still remains the greatest menace that Great Britain has to contend with, and the highest officials of her government are strenuously advocating absolute

"We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink," declares Lloyd-George, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, "and, so far as I can see, the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink. If we are to settle with German militarism we must first of all settle with drink."

The chiefs of the British Navy Department are equally strong in their demand for the abolition of the liquor traffic.

Understand that this is not because of the direct effect of drink on the soldiers, man-o-war's-men and marines, for they are under military discipline and no liquor is permitted to reach the fighting men of the army and navy. It is because of liquor's weakening and demoralizing effect on the people at home causing idleness, poverty and distress, reducing their earning and producing power in every line of industry at a time when the nation's resources are being taxed to their utmost and there is pressing need of the best efforts of the entire population. The great problem is to supply the armies with food, clothing, ammunition and other war material, and the liquor-drinking by the workers in the docks, shipyards, arsenals and factories is crippling England's military operations.

To meet the situation while the question of legal prohibition is under consideration, King George has issued a proclamation urging everybody to practise total abstinence as a patriotic duty, during the war at least, and has set the example himself not only by his personal pledge to abstain but also by ordering that no liquor shall be served in the palace. Though the King of England has been shorn of nearly all governmental powers, his moral influence is all the greater for that reason and he still reigns supreme as the social head of the nation. Everybody looks to him for guidance in matters of etiquette, ceremonial and style.

As the King has banished liquor from his household, all the nobility and gentry must do likewise unless they are willing to be excluded from good society. The King has taken the pledge, and that makes it bad form for any English gentleman to take a drink. The employers of labor have agreed to imitate the King in setting an example of total abstinence before their workmen. From this the grand significance and mighty influence of King George's personal stand on the drink question is apparent. Great Britain is making rapid strides toward nationwide prohibition.

Would to God we had a social ruler in the United States equally devoted to the cause of temperance and as powerful to make total abstinence fashionable in high life here. On the contrary it is the fashion with American society leaders to sneer at prohibition, and when a consistent temperance man like Secretary of State Bryan abolishes the custom of serving liquors at state dinners given in honor of the diplomatic corps he is shamefully caricatured in the press and his praiseworthy action is ridiculed as "grape-juice diplomacy;" and Secretary of the Navy Daniels is abused for his order forbidding our naval officers to set a bad example to the enlisted men by keeping liquor and drinking aboard ship.

All our public officers should, like Vice-President Marshall and Secretaries Bryan and Daniels, set an example of total abstinence.

Do not vote for any candidate for office who does not advocate nation-wide prohibition and exemplify temperance principles in his own conduct.

In response to my request for an expression of opinion on my April editorial, the letters and post cards are beginning to pour in urging COMFORT to lead a movement for nation-wide prohibition by act of CONGRESS. I cordially thank those who have written pledging their active support and, as it is yet early, I hope to hear from enough others to make sure that it will be worth while to launch the campaign by means of petitions to Congress. You will hear from me again in my June editorial in which I expect to lay out a definite plan for circulating the petitions which are not yet ready as great care is required for their preparation. Meanwhile I would like to receive a post card or letter from those who have not written me when this reaches them.

There is a world-wide agitation in favor of prohibition of the liquor traffic. Shall the United States lag behind Europe in doing away with the drink evil?



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Soap Agents Make more money selling Linro Products. Coffee, flavorings, spices, soaps, perfumes—135 other items. Big commission. Exclusive territory. Freight allowed. Extra free premiums besides cash given. Free Sample Case. No deposit required. Particulars cost nothing. Write today. Linro Company, 14 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents \$10.00 Sample Watch Free. Write now for free sample watch and terms to Oden Jewelry Co., Dept. 49, Chicago.

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Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 50. \$75 to \$125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

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A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Dept. 132, Hazen A. Hor-ton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

\$75 Month. Railway Mail Clerks. Examinations everywhere. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T4, Rochester, N. Y.

\$80 Monthly And Expenses, to travel, distribute samples and take orders, or appoint agents, permanent. Jap American Co., Chicago.

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Women—Have Your Own Bank Account by selling sanitary garments for Women, Children & Babies, in your home Towns, on capital of 65c. Free catalogue tells how. Nova Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search and report. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. George P. Kimball, 232 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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\$50, paid for Dollar 1873 S. Mint; \$2.00 for 1904 Proof Dollars; \$7. for 1863 Quarters no arrows, etc. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4¢ for Large Illus. Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1856, and send 10¢ at once for New Ills'd Coin Value Book, 4x1. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

Buffalo Nickels. 25¢ paid for them and Lincoln pennies, certain kinds. Highest prices paid for all old coins. Send 10¢ for coin catalog and particulars. Means \$ to you. Jones The Coin Dealer, Dept. 90, Newton, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Chiropractic Doctors make large incomes; our graduates earn \$3,000 to \$6,000 yearly; be independent, work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 380, 162 No. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Learn Drafting By Mail. Earn big salary. You can qualify quickly by my method. Chief Engineer, 466 Cass St., Chicago, Ills.

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Profitable Little Farms In Valley Of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, \$250 and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. F. LaBaume, Agric. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Assn., 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm or unimproved land for sale. H. L. Downing, 124 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

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100 Envelopes Thirty cents. Samples free. Your Name and Address printed on the corner, postpaid. D. C. Breneis, Wheeler, Ind.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We Pay 25¢ cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25¢ each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9480 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit, a monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Publ., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Make Money! A way to utilize idle hours profitably. Pace your way to success now, 10 cents with two-cent stamp included will start you. The Theror Co., 500 Prospect Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, Lisle Tops—Wonderful Value. 6 pair \$2.00, 3 pair \$1.10, sample pair 35c. Matthews, Lynden, Wash.

NO EYESTRAIN—New Selfthreading Needle threads in the dark; Ladies delighted; As-sorted sizes; Send 10 cts. silver for samples. A. E. Eischer, 183 Cooper St., Trenton, N. J.

Spend Summer Gathering Insects. I pay big prices. Instruction Book. Send stamp. Sinclair, Box 244, D. 30, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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Tell Your Boy About This! Boys, you can make big money each month selling The Boys' Magazine. Send no money. Write us today for 10 copies. All unsold copies can be returned. The Boys' Magazine, Dept. A-77 Smethport, Pa.

## FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Developing 10c, prints 20c. Quick return. Free Sample prints and enlargement. H. Cobb Shaw, 318 Bowdoin St., Boston.

## BY PARCEL POST

Wanted—You to get ready for Decoration Day and July 4th. Beautiful Silk Lapel U. S. flags—Flag pin bows and flag handkerchiefs, for the handkerchief pocket. 2 silk lapel flags and 1 silk flag pin bow for only 10c. Handkerchiefs 50c. Morgan Taylor Co., P. O. Box 35, East Liverpool, O.

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Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Pin Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

10 Beautiful Art Colored Post Cards with your full name in Gold on each, 10c. Veldenz & Amiet, 6031 Ridge Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

## HELP WANTED

Investigators Work Everywhere. Be one, earn big pay, easy work, travel, write, fidelity secret service, Wheeling, W. Va.

\$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A, Baltimore, Md.

15,000 Government Jobs Obtainable. \$65.00 month. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Are Your Silos And Farm Buildings of concrete? If not, why not? Permanent, sanitary, fireproof. We teach you. Special course for contractors. National School of Concrete Construction, 483 Carter St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lady or Gentleman, fair advantage, to travel for old established firm; no canvassing; salary, \$336 per year, payable weekly, pursuant to contract; expenses advanced. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Wanted—Several honest industrious persons to distribute religious literature. \$60 per month sure. Stanton Co., Law Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS



## Comfort Sisters Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, where they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families, as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes of information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**W**ITH the craze for old-fashioned furniture, china, silver and articles too countless to mention, it would be well if someone would put in practise the old-fashioned Sunday. To the average city dweller, Sunday means a longer time in the morning to sleep and rest from the toil of the week or the extra dissipation of the Saturday night theater or dinner party and then time to read a somewhat sensational Sunday newspaper. In the country, particularly in the summer, if the time is not devoted to actual work in the fields it is spent in repairing farming implements or possibly the younger members of the family choose that as an opportune time for a fishing trip, or a game of baseball in the corner lot or the pasture. To a certain extent that is all right and I heartily approve of and endorse the need of sleep and rest, for it seems that when God has given us strong and healthy bodies the least we can do in return is to take proper and intelligent care of them. Then also do not disapprove of Sunday papers except when read to the exclusion of everything else. The young people on the farm need pleasure and relaxation too, but with the rest of careless humanity they forget that Sunday should be a day of rest and that it is God's day and should be consecrated to Him.

To go back to the Sundays our grandmothers tell us about, aided with a moderate imagination, we can almost see the family at the breakfast table where they had gathered at a slightly later hour than usual, then, after morning prayers, go with them in the big wagon to the church; after the sermon came the ride home to the plain yet bountiful dinner, then the afternoon for study of the Bible instead of the latest best seller and the singing of hymns, rather than the present day ragtime which is a desecration of real music. If not another church service in the evening there were family prayers at home, followed by an early hour of retiring.

Compare this with the strenuous Sundays of today and then wonder if you can why our homes lack that air of peace that marked the simple Sundays of our forefathers.—Ed.

ALICE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have read COMFORT since I can remember and have often thought I would write but there were always so many interesting, instructive letters that I hardly felt my little mite would be needed. We live fourteen miles northwest of Alice, the county seat of Jim Wells county.

I enjoy reading the dear old COMFORT, from cover to cover, and read aloud to my husband's mother, who cannot see to read as well as I. We are left alone, she and I, with the children, and we are the best of friends. I have no mother. She is good and kind to me. And I hate to hear of mother-in-law and daughter not getting along together.

Sisters, here is a use for old stocking tops: pull them upon hand to clean out lamp glasses, then burn; also good to use when polishing stoves.

I am going to ask the dear sisters to help me. I have three requests and I sincerely hope they can help me. I will return the kindness in any way possible.

My gums are sore and seem to have receded from the teeth and left a dark ring where teeth are exposed. Have not the sisters some remedy to use? I have tried several remedies, also use dental paste, but my teeth get worse. Three teeth below and one above are affected.

What will take liver spots off my face? It is a sallow brown all over from my chin to the roots of my hair and has been since I was twelve or fourteen years old. Should I take an internal remedy, external, or both, to remove this embarrassing defect?

Cannot someone help me to cure a boy of eight years from bed wetting?

I am quite small and very plain, but I have one of the dearest Johns. We have been married over five years. He is a large, strong, fine looking man, and has a refined face. I am indeed proud of my better half. I wish all of the sisters were blessed with a dear, good husband. We have large, healthy boys. The oldest is four, the next is three in a few days, and the baby is nine months old; one of the sweetest tempered, most playful, little tots I have ever seen. He worships his grandmother and will leave me to go to her, and she loves the little children dearly.

My husband's father died last September and since then we have lived with his mother on the home place, he being her only living son. And indeed, we are all more contented now than ever before, though times are harder and all necessities are higher. God is wise beyond all human conception.

Wishing all the contentment that an honest, helpful life can bring. Sincerely a friend,

MRS. IVA B. RICE.

Mrs. Rice. From your description I feel safe in saying that you are suffering from pyorrhea, more commonly known as Rigg's disease, and a reliable dentist is about the only hope for you, for I have never heard of any home treatment that would cure it. The exact cause of this disease is not known though it is thought that it results from some condition of the system for a great many people have it who take every care of the teeth. The pus forming germ works on the roots of the teeth, causing the gums to recede and the teeth to loosen and finally drop out if the disease is not checked. Until recent years no cure was known and many teeth were extracted which might have been saved. The first step is to remove the deposits. This is accomplished by the use of instruments designed for this purpose by which the irritant material can be removed without undue injury to the gum or tooth-structures.

The use of an antiseptic mouth wash, for which your dentist should give you a prescription, together with proper brushing of the teeth, using a paste prepared especially for your needs, will do much toward correcting this condition, though in advanced cases more than one scraping will be necessary. Splints or bands are used as a last resort to hold loosened teeth and a serum or anti-toxin has been discovered which is used in cases of long standing, so do not be discouraged but act at once as the disease will spread from one tooth to another and is contagious, so it is not only to your advantage to have the matter attended to, but you have the safety of your family to consider as well. One cannot be too careful in caring for their teeth and remember that the gums need brushing or massaging to keep them healthy. I think it a good practise to visit a dentist at least twice a year and have the teeth carefully examined and any cavities filled that may be present. Teach your children to care for their teeth and it will save them much in the way of dentist's bills and discomfort in years to come. If I can give you any further help, I shall be glad of the opportunity. Yours must be a happy family and I hope your faith and trust in God will be the means of helping some discouraged sister who does not seem to realize that God sees and cares for all.—Ed.

### Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

NO BUTTER OR EGG CAKE.—Two and one half cups of unsifted flour, two cups of sugar, one heaping tablespoon of shortening, one and one half teaspoon of cinnamon, nutmeg to suit taste, two tablespoons of cocoa, one teaspoon of baking powder. Mix with one and one quarter cups of sour milk in which is dissolved one teaspoon baking soda.

ICING.—One cup granulated sugar, three quarters cup sweet milk, piece of butter the size of a walnut; do not stir. Boil until it thickens in cold water; take off, beat until cold enough to spread on cake; flavor with vanilla. Raisins or nuts are good mixed in cake.

MRS. SCHINDLER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELDERBERRY FLOWER WINE.—(Requested.) Four quarts boiling water, two quarts elderberry blossoms free from stems, four pints of sugar, juice of two lemons. Pour the boiling water over the blossoms, let stand ten hours, strain through cheese-cloth, add sugar and lemon juice, let ferment and as it runs out of the jug keep filling the jug up with sweetened water. Keep jug in a dark place. Fit for use in a few months after it gets through fermenting.

MRS. GEO. L. MYERS, Smith, Nevada.

CORN CHOWDER.—One pint of corn, one quart of milk, three tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, two eggs, one onion, salt and pepper; cook till done on slow fire.

MRS. CHAS. A. RIVERS, Voorheesville, N. Y.

CORN OYSTERS.—One cup grated corn, one quarter cup cream, one well beaten egg, salt to taste; flour to make thick batter. Fry in hot, deep fat. Drop by spoonfuls about the size of an oyster. Drain on paper and serve hot.—Ed.

HOG'S-HEAD CHEESE.—(Requested.)—Cook the meat, salting it. Five quarts lean, chopped fine, one quart fat, chopped fine, one quart water, one level tablespoon of pepper, two level tablespoons salt, three level tablespoons each of sage and celery leaves powdered. Celery gives it a fine flavor. Mix well and pack in pans. Slice and serve cold.

MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY, Herrin, Ill.

HOG'S-HEAD CHEESE.—(Requested.)—Clean the head and cool till tender, then separate the meat from the bone, as hot as can be handled and chop fine in food chopper. Season to taste with salt, pepper and sage, then put in thin cheese-cloth sack and twist top to sack till cheese is formed in shape and the fat squeezed out. Let cool and cut in thin slices.

MRS. WILL DUGERT, Lenore, Idaho.

MACARONI WITH HAM.—To a quart of soaked macaroni add a medium-sized onion, fried in enough fat to keep it from sticking, and one cup of ground ham; one can of tomatoes, or a quart of tomatoes and cook a few minutes. Pour into baking dish, granate it best and sprinkle with cheese. Bake till cheese is brown.

MRS. GEORGE TURNER, Montevideo, Minn.

PICKLED FISH.—(Requested.)—Almost any kind of fish will do if fresh. Cut off heads and wash well; cover with salt over night; in morning cover with water let come to a boil, remove from fire and skin; place in jar, cover with spiced vinegar, boiling hot; these are fine and keep well.

MRS. LILLIE DAVIS, St. David, Box 135, Ill.

POTATO SALAD.—Cook as many potatoes as there are people to be served. If potatoes are small, boil them with jackets on and when done throw them into very cold water and leave until they are lukewarm; then peel and slice them very thin. Moisten with vinegar diluted with water and let stand until cold enough to serve. For a salad for six persons take two red peppers from a 10-cent can of red peppers and cut them in strips, six green olives cut in thin slices, two tablespoons ground blanched almonds, four sour pickles and two hard boiled eggs cut in thin slices. Season the potatoes well with pepper and salt and a good dash of red pepper and mix all the other prepared ingredients well with the potatoes. Then mix well with sufficient mayonnaise dressing to make it rich and tasty. Lay on lettuce leaves and place six teaspoons of the mayonnaise on the top. The almonds will prove a delight and surprise.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cut steak and a small slice of ham into dice, simmer for fifteen minutes with two chopped onions and a little butter. Add one pint each of stock and sliced potatoes, a little flour and salt and pepper to taste. Cook twenty minutes before pouring into crust-lined dish. Cover with good crust and bake.—Ed.

MRS. DE JOHN, Canon City, Colo.

SWIFT CRACKERS.—(Requested.)—Two and one half cups sugar, one half cup lard, five cents' worth of baking ammonia, five cents' worth of lemon oil, two eggs; soak the ammonia in the milk, mix flour until it gets as hard as you can work it in; cut into squares one half inch thick and bake in a hot oven.

MRS. OLGA WENNER, Seven Persons, Alta.

DEVIL CAKE.—One half cup of grated chocolate, one half cup cold coffee, one cup of brown sugar, yolk of one egg, one teaspoon of vanilla, if desired; stir together and cook to cream, let cool and add to the following: One cup brown sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup cold coffee, two eggs, two and one half cups flour, one pound sweetened and chopped, one teaspoon soda dissolved in milk. Mix and steam three and a half hours.

MRS. IDA HEADLAND, Fairmont, W. Va.

BANANA CAKE.—(Requested.)—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one half cup milk, two scant cups flour, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, white of four eggs, one half teaspoon vanilla. Mix flour and baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add milk and flour alternately, then vanilla and beaten whites in three layer-tins in a hot oven. Add one half cup mashed bananas and use as filling. Dust top with powdered sugar.

MRS. FRED CARPENTER, Hermon, N. Y.

LEMON CAKE.—(Requested.)—One cup butter, two cups sugar, seven eggs, one and one half pints flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon extract, lemon. Rub to a light cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs, two at a time, beating five minutes after each add the flour sifted with the powder, and the extract; mix into a medium batter, bake in paper-lined tin, in a moderate oven forty minutes.

MRS. M. H. BLACK, 74 West 44th Street, Bayonne, N. J.

FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup brown sugar, one half cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup raisins, two cups flour, four tablespoons melted butter or other shortening, one teaspoon each of soda, cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven.

MRS. SMITH, Tennille, Ga.

TEA CAKES.—One quart of flour, three eggs, two cups sugar, butter size of an egg, one half teaspoon lemon and enough milk to make soft dough; roll out and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in a moderate oven.

MRS. CHARLES RIVERS, Voorheesville, N. Y.

BUTTERLESS, MILKLESS, EGGLESS CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, two thirds cup of shortening, two cups of water, three cups of seeded raisins, pinch of salt, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one half teaspoon mace, if liked, one half teaspoon nutmeg, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon soda, four cups of flour, three tablespoons warm water. If desired, a cup of chopped nuts can be added.

MRS. CHARLES RIVERS, Voorheesville, N. Y.

as are required, pour over the onions and fry like scrambled eggs. A good-sized onion and two eggs make a nice meal, but it all depends on one's appetite.

MRS. W. H. GARDINER, 1026 Orange St., Youngstown, Ohio.

CHICKEN SCRAPPLE.—Dress a chicken as for frying; boil until very tender. Take meat off the bones and cut up fine. Put meat back in broth, salt to taste. Chicken this with corn-meal, let stand in flat pan until cold and then slice and fry. This is a good way to use up old or tough poultry.

MRS. F. E. OLIVERSON, Erie, Kans.

MOCK CHICKEN SALAD.—Cut leftover fresh shoulder in dice, chop some celery quite fine and mix the two with a good salad dressing and serve on lettuce leaves, and one could hardly tell the difference. Be sure and have shoulder lean. No fat is to be used.

PICKLED PIG'S FEET.—Take twelve pigs' feet, scrape and wash clean; put into a saucepan with enough hot, not boiling, water to cover. When partly done, salt; it requires four to five hours to boil soft. Pack in a stone jar or crock, and pour over them hot spiced vinegar. They will be ready to use in one day or two. If you wish them for breakfast, split them, make a batter of two eggs, a cup of milk, salt, a teaspoon of butter, with flour enough to make a thick batter; dip them in beaten egg and flour and fry.

SALMON LOAF.—One can salmon, two thirds cup of cracker crumbs, three quarters cup of milk, two eggs, one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon pepper; beat lemon into eggs, put fish and crackers in dish in layers. Steam one hour; serve with cream sauce.

MRS. EMMA STANTON, Connerville, Ind.

MARGUERITES.—Two eggs, one cup brown sugar, one half cup flour, one quarter teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, three quarters cup nuts, cut in small



MARGUERITES.

pieces. Fill small buttered tins with the mixture and place half of a walnut on each. Bake in moderate oven fifteen minutes.—Ed.

SILVER CAKE.—Whites six eggs, one cup milk, two cups sugar, two thirds cup butter, four cups flour, one quarter teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder, one tea-spoon extract. Cream the butter and sugar, add milk, then the flour mixed with salt and baking powder; then add the extract and the whipped whites. Beat well for ten minutes, and bake in moderate oven.

GOLD CAKE.—Yolks six eggs, one half cup butter, two cups sugar, one pint flour, one and one half teaspoon baking powder, one cup cream, one tea-spoon extract. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks and cream, flour sifted with powder, and extract. Mix into firm, smooth batter and bake.

These cakes may be baked in loaf form or in layers, as desired. If in loaves or very deep molds, about forty minutes are required for baking. Use any filling or icing preferred.

MRS. J. M. SANER, JR., Iron City, Tenn.

QUEEN CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup sugar, four eggs, one cup seeded raisins, one cup milk, three cups flour, one half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter, sugar and yolks of eggs together, then add milk and raisins; flour, salt and baking powder together. Lastly fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth.

MRS. G. S. HOZTHANSEN, Festus, Mo.

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES.—Scald one cup of molasses, pour it over one quarter cup of butter or lard, one half cup sugar, one half level teaspoon salt, and one tablespoon of ginger, or any spices preferred; dissolve one half teaspoon soda in one quarter cup of cold water, add to the cooled molasses, then stir in three or four cups of flour, making a soft dough to drop and spread in a pan or a stiff dough to roll and cut.

MRS. BLANCHE GARDY, Aspen Hill, Tenn.

CRULLERS.—Two eggs and one half cup sugar beaten lightly together; one half cup sour cream, one half teaspoon baking soda, a little nutmeg; add two and one half cups flour, which will make a dough stiff enough to roll out on a floured board; then cut in about two and one half inch diamond shaped pieces, cut a slot in center and double one end through the hole. Drop into hot lard and let them turn to a light brown, these are excellent.

MRS. W. H. GARDINER, 1026 Orange Street, Youngstown, Ohio.

RAISIN PIE.—Most of the raisin pie recipes I have seen have lemon in them, and as I do not care for it, perhaps some others would like this better: One cup raisins, two cups water, two tablespoons flour, one half of cloves, one tea-cup chopped raisins. Stir all together with one cup of sugar. Bake with two crusts.—Ed.

SOUR CREAM PIE.—One cup sour cream, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon cinnamon, one half of cloves, one tea-cup chopped raisins. Stir all together with one cup of sugar. Bake with one crust. FROST. MARGARET FISCHER, Lakewood, Minn.

# Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and is it all true? He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell him he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

A few days later, Aunt Martha, Edna, Sir Cyril and others go by train to the top of the Rigi. Returning, Cyril and Edna decide to walk down. A mist, preventing them from following the path, envelops them, and rather than have him leave her to find the path, she would rather die. Cyril clasps her in his arms, and she admits her love and promises to marry him. Without telling their secret, they go to a little Protestant church four hours' ride from Lucerne and are made one. Returning Edna realizes that Aunt Martha must be told. Coming to the Cathedral Edna recalls she has left her crepe shawl. Leaving her upon the Cathedral steps Cyril returns for it. Miss Glitters comes along and she remembers having seen Edna at the entrance of the Grand Hotel and knows she is waiting for the gentleman with whom she has seen her before. She tells Edna of his broken promises, shows her the face in the locket she wears, begs of her never to see him again and leaves her crushed with grief.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BITTER MISERY.

**M**OLLY GLITTERS went on her way, having, as she thought, perhaps for the first time in her life done her duty, and stretched out her hand to warn and perhaps save an innocent young girl from the snares of one of the most dangerous men of the day, with a most pleasantly approving conscience. It was quite a novel sensation for Molly, the feeling of having done the right thing, and having gone out of the way to do it, too; for Molly was not partial to young and simple girls—indeed, she had the usual antipathy of her class for them, and it had not been by any means an easy piece of good will which she had accomplished that morning. Molly went on her way, self-satisfied and complacent, and left behind her a tortured, anguished, racked woman, who was no more the Edna of an hour ago than the eagles one sees eating their hearts out in their eagles at the zoo, are the monarchs of the sky, that soar above the Syrian hills.

Motionless, tearless, she sat her head bent upon her hands, her heart burning like a red-hot coal.

What did it all mean? What was this frightful nightmare? Was it true? Could it be true that her life had finished that day—that she should never know happiness, never be able to laugh more?—for it came to that with her, she felt, if this were true.

Ah, no, it could not be true! What was she sitting here for? Why did she not go home? Why did he not come? She was half stunned by the sudden, too sudden, revelation to realize it at once, immediately; but, as the slow minutes tramped round the clock overhead, the truth grew upon her and made itself felt, and, with a moan, she hid her face, and knew that the joy of life was over for her.

The idol which she had worshiped as gold of the purest and finest type was suddenly shorn of its divinity and shown to be nothing better than common clay and dross.

It is not too much to say that as she recalled the face and figure of her husband of an hour, the girl, innocent to a fault, shuddered. Had she been a whit less innocent, had she known half as much as the generality of girls of only half her age, that knowledge would have allowed her to discriminate, to see how far Cyril had sinned, to weigh his sin in the balance, and make excuses for him; but Edna knew nothing save that the man she had thought so good—as pure and good, and noble and spotless as he was handsome—was something so different that she shrank from the mere thought of his presence, blushed and writhed under the remembrance of his passionate kisses, and moaned aloud a prayer that the good God might send death there and then to her, and save her.

Edna's love had been as pure and noble as herself. She had not loved Cyril's beauty, great as it was, proudly fond of it as she was; if he had come back to her with some great scar across his face that rendered it twice as hideous as it had been before been beautiful, her love would have had no abatement—it would rather have increased by so much of sweet, wifely pity and tenderness. But now? Oh, God! it was too fearful to think of, so fearful that she, in her great innocence, could not grasp the full sense of it; but this she knew, that the man she had given her young life and virgin love to, the man who had come to her and made her love him, who had stood between her and blotted out all else as small and unworthy of consideration—did not love her, could not love her, for he had loved—oh, God! not loved, but murmured words of love to—had kissed with kisses, such as he had given her, another—yes, many other women!

Her state of mind—its great and awful contrast to that sweet, expectant happiness of an hour ago—is difficult to describe, well-nigh impossible, yet easy to understand; it was as if the heavens had been suddenly darkened, all good, and faith in good, destroyed, and she herself were left to stand alone and battle against unconquerable, overwhelming misery of evil.

She shed no tear, but her face was white and drawn, her eyes strained and wild with a vast agony, and her lips parched as with fever. And so the bride waited for the bridegroom!

The great clock above her struck the hour; three monks from the monastery on the hill came slowly up the steps, with bent heads and folded hands, and approached the smaller flight at the cathedral door.

They looked at her as they passed: one—an old man, with white hair shining beneath his brown cowl—paused and bent over her as she sat, her head upon her hand, her eyes fixed with a wan hopeless, startled look upon the street beneath.

"Are you in any trouble, my daughter?" he asked, with gentle gravity.

Edna looked up at him with absent stare, and slowly shook her head; and the monk, with a muttered "Peace be with you!" passed with bent head, into the dim light beyond the open door.

Trouble! Yes, a trouble no monk that ever wore sandal could cure—a trouble she must fight and struggle with, and, alas! bear alone.

The interruption, slight as it was, roused her; she could not stay there to attract notice and invite pity. With a weak, languid step, she rose, steadying her hand against the old, time-worn stonework of the porch—for she was giddy, and quivering like a wounded deer—and made her way to the quiet and seclusion of the little cemetery

at the back; he must pass through it on his way, and would see her. There—sinking down upon one of the tombstones, in a little garden of crosses, with a pictured Madonna within sight, and a sculptured crucifixion overshadowing her—she waited.

She had not to wait long, for presently there came the quick, firm tread of a happy man, and Cyril, handsome as Apollo, and as light-hearted, humming some joyous air, came up the path.

He had been longer than he expected; there had been some difficulty, caused primarily by his original French, but he had got the shawl, it was on his arm, and he was eager and impatient to exchange its light weight for the scarcely heavier one of his darling's arm.

His! All the way from the station had that little word been ringing a merry chime in his ears. His! the dearest, sweetest, purest angel that had ever walked on earth in the guise of a woman, was his! He didn't deserve it—he least of all men living—but fate, a kindly fate, had chosen to be merciful and generous and had poured upon him the greatest gift that a man had ever received.

With such thoughts as these, handsome, happy "Wicked Sir Cyril" strode along, impatient of every yard of the road that stretched between him and his bride.

She saw him the moment he came past the cathedral into the graveyard, but she could not speak or move.

She watched him as he paused and looked round impatiently and eagerly: then, as he caught sight of her and came toward her, picking his way among the tiny graves of the children, with their poor wreath of immortelles and summer flowers, she put her hand to her face, pushed back her hair and panted.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, half stumbling over a tiny grave; "I thought I had lost you, that you had run away from me—thought little of it, you know. Here's the shawl, a spoil and trophy of war! What a pity it is that there isn't one language, and that English! Such a babel as we made of it at that station. Ah—" he has come close enough to see her face now, and there is enough in it to make him stop short and catch his words up.

"Edna! Good God! what is the matter? Are you ill, my darling?"

And with an anxious, loving face he is on his knees beside her.

With a visible shudder she shrinks from him, and draws—not snatches, that would not be so

shakes him from head to foot. "Oh, Edna, my darling! don't sit there looking so! You—you kill me! Tell me what it is! God knows if you loved me as I love you, you would be more merciful!"

"More merciful!" and now she is on her feet confronting him, her eyes ablaze with a woman's passion of sorrow and despair, her little hand clinched, her soul afire with jealousy, tortured love, virginial indignation. "If I have loved you! Oh, how can you stand there and say such words to me? As if I had not loved you! Keep away from me! I—I could not bear you to touch me! I—I hate you!"

Cyril started, and clinched his hands hard, and set his lips tight.

"Yes—you—all my love is turned to hate! How could it be otherwise while I have sense to think and heart to feel? Ah, you do not know what you have done! You have worse than killed me! Oh, I would die a thousand times rather than hear this! Don't speak—I will not listen! I have listened too much—too much!"

Then her tears flowed fast, but she put up her hand to keep him off, and he could but stand and groan.

"You know that I have heard all about you—about your wickedness and your falsehood! You know it! I can see it by your face! Oh, why—why did you come to me and make me love you? Why—why? I did not seek you, I did not think of you; I did not come across your life and take it all up and waste it? Why did you do it? Why did you pretend to be all that is good, and kind, and noble, while you were wicked, and false, and base, all the while? Did I deceive you? Why did you deceive me? Why did you make me love you even against my will, and then throw off the mask and come back to me something quite different? What had I done that you should do me such a great wrong—oh! what have I done?"

In a low, passionate voice she charges him, and he can only stand dull and white as a statue, and by silence, deep and awful, plead guilty.

He does not know how she has discovered his deceit, he does not know how much she knows—it may be all; but he understands how her pure young soul shrinks from him! And what wonder, for, as he stands confronted by her innocence, her maidenly indignation—he shrinks from himself. And she is his wife! Has she forgotten that? This is their marriage day—tonight their nuptial night; she has not forgotten, her next words show it.



He expected to see a half-formed, fairly bred, but rather commonplace young woman.

coldly reasonable—draws her hand which he has taken.

He stares at her with unbounded astonishment at first, then an apprehensive look comes into his face and he puts his arm round her waist.

"Edna! My darling! What is it? What has happened? Why do you look so? Edna! you must be ill!"

She shakes her head slowly, and coldly puts his hand away from her; he is so petrified that he does not resist, and his hand falls upon the tombstone that is no colder than her fingers; then he looks round, as if for help, and is about to draw her to him, when she speaks.

"Do not—do not touch me!"

"Do not touch you!" he repeats, each word distinct and full of horrified alarm. "Why not? Edna are you mad?"

For a moment a swift light comes into her eyes. Perhaps she is; she thinks; then she remembers, and shuddering, puts him away from her.

"No, I am not mad," she says, and her voice is so hollow, so lifeless, so changed, that he starts as if he could not believe his ears. Before he can speak she opens her lips again.

"Why did you marry me?"

"Why did I—marry you? Great Heaven! am I mad?" and for the moment he looks as if he were. "Why did I marry you—do you ask me that now? Because I loved you—but—but—why do you ask, my darling? What has come to you? I left you here, all right, not a quarter of an hour ago, and come back to find you like—like a ghost, and—for God's sake tell me what is the matter with you?"

"Because you loved me!" she says, heedless of his imploring prayer. "That is not true! you did not love me! No—no—no!"

Cyril rises to his feet slowly, like one in a trance, his face as white as hers, his eyes fixed with a puzzled agony, upon hers.

"What do you say, Edna? I must be mad or dreaming," and he puts his hand to his head. "For God's sake, tell me what has happened to make you like this! or—or—" and a sudden, ghastly smile comes upon his face—"or—is it a joke?"

She sits with bent head speechless, the picture of desolation and despair. There is a moment's silence, then it is broken by the music of the grand organ and the voices of the monks chanting a vesper hymn.

Softly the sacred strains that have floated upon every evening air for a thousand years fall upon the twilight and upon the ears of the two miserable creatures under the shadow of the cathedral walls.

"Edna," says Cyril, at last, his voice broken and working, "something has happened—you have heard something—

He stops, and she raises her eyes to his.

"I have," she says, with a shudder.

His face darkens for a moment, then sets hard.

"Tell me what you have heard to change you to me like this—all in one quarter of an hour, Edna." Then his composure gives way, and a burst of anguish, terrible to behold in a man,

"You do not answer; what can you say? Ah, it is all true what that woman said!" and she shudders.

A great light flashes upon Cyril's intelligence—that woman!

He takes a step toward her.

"Edna! for God's sake, tell me! Whom have you seen—who has been telling you—"

"Who?" she repeats, with a shudder of disgust and a vivid flush. "The woman you loved—the woman who wears your portrait—the woman who should have been your wife—one of the many you have 'loved'!"

Slowly, bitterly, as the bitterness comes upon herself, she pants the words at him.

Cyril stands with half-bent head and twitching lips.

There is a moment's silence; then, as the anthem rises solemnly, and the voices of the monks break out, again he speaks.

"Edna"—the voice hollow and trembling—"do not say any more. Come home; it is too late after today's work—"

She hides her face with a moan.

"Too late!" she cries.

Cyril trembles in every limb, and his eyes devolve her, imploringly, pitifully, hungrily.

"Great God!" she hates, she loathes me," he mutters, and turns away to hide the anguish with which the conviction has stabbed him.

Then he turns to her, and, with clinched hands and dry, white lips, speaks to her.

"Edna, it is not too late! You need not shrink from me—you need not shudder; you are my wife—you are mine, to have and to hold. I could carry you away with me tonight." His voice trembles for a moment, and sounds hollow and uncertain when he goes on; "I could command you to come to me, here where I stand, and keep you until death should part us. Ah, I need not shrink!"—for instinctively she has drawn a little further away—"you do not know me, or you would not fear that I should force myself or my right on you. You are my wife—it is too late to prevent that, nothing can alter it—but you can be my wife only in name; we can part tonight. Do not fear—we will! You shall go back to your aunt, in all but the name of wife the same as when I first saw you. It is all I can do to repair the wrong I have done; I will do it—yes, let it cost me what it will. I will do it. Ah!"—and his voice deepens into sternness—"I do it for my sake as well as yours, for I would rather die than hold you by any tie than love. If you do not love me, if you have learned to hate me, no power on earth shall make you wife of mine!"

Then his voice breaks.

"Poor child!" he says, almost inaudibly. "My poor, sweet, little Edna! go back and learn to forgive me—if you can, to forget; as I shall never learn to forgive myself or forget you."

She sits as motionless as if she were a figure carved upon the tomb beneath her. Still the music of the organ and the chant of the monks fills up the pause.

"You may think—fear—that I may break this resolve," says Cyril's voice, so utterly unlike his.

"You need not fear that. You will never have to complain of my crossing your path after tonight. I will never, by my presence, or by word or deed, remind you of my claim to you; from tonight you may look upon me as dead, as I shall be in all but reality, to the world in which you are likely to be. After tonight we shall never meet—we shall never meet again."

There comes a silence deep and awful. Is she deaf, or dead, that she sits so silent and signless? Cyril pulls himself together with a shiver, and goes up to her.

"Good by, Edna," he says, "good by, for the last time!"

Then he bends over her and kisses the edge of the shawl. Does she feel that mad kiss? She may or may not. She makes no sign, and the man who has loved her, who—be his sins what they may—loves her as truly and passionately as any man has loved yet, turns and walks quickly away.

At the corner he looks back; is it with a last wild, groundless hope that love may prevail?

No, she is still motionless, unrelenting.

Then he bows his head to hide the working of his white, haggard face, and passes swiftly away.

A moment afterward the mute figure he has left behind him starts to her feet.

"What have I done? Oh! my love, come back!"



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

### CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

**H**OP onto my lap and lend me your ears and intellects. I suppose you have heard (or at least about one in every hundred of you have, for very little worth while news gets into the country papers) that we are going to be investigated all over again. By the way the people and the institutions of this country get investigated every three minutes, either by Uncle Sam, the state authorities, or some other noisy individual, or set of individuals, you would imagine that somebody was taking an interest in us and was really anxious to find out why we are all so desperately happy and prosperous, why we are also luxuriously rich and scandalously healthy, why we have to luxuriate in so many hundreds of prisons, insane asylums, poor houses, vice dens, not to mention saloons, etc. Honestly you would think somebody was intensely worried about us all, and you will feel confident they are when I tell you that our poverty-stricken old friend, John D. Rockefeller is going to spend a hundred million dollars to investigate, not only the people of the U. S. A. but every other human microbe that tenaciously clings to this bleeding, suffering planet. Now if I really thought that after John D. had spent all this vast amount of money (money which the masses have so industriously toiled for and made for him) that he and his investigators would know any more about us and conditions generally than they do now, and would unselfishly plan, with the knowledge acquired, to make the world a better place for all of us to live in, I would say: "Go ahead John, and spend your money, and good luck to you. But after this and all other similar investigations, what happens? Tons of books containing the evidence are printed and filed away, a report is made, a few slight reforms are recommended which won't harm anybody and won't do any good, and things go on in the same bad old way. These investigations to my mind are a farce. We all know or ought to know what ails society. A few have too much and the rest of us have too little. There is plenty for all. Stores and factories groan with wealth, plenty to go around and make everybody happy. But it's not allowed to go around. Wealth is forced into a few deep bottomless pockets causing congestion in one spot and economic anemia and sterility everywhere else. What the world needs is justice, and that is just what wealth and privilege are determined not to give us if they can help it. If the world had justice there would not be any John D. or Jim G. with a hundred million dollars lying around loose to investigate anybody, and what is more there would not be anybody that would need investigating. Society however is not built on a foundation of justice, but of injustice and it is to the interest of those who control society to keep things just as they are, so that the old game of plucking and plundering, which enriches the few and impoverishes the many, can go on without interruption.

Now if the oil king were sincere in his desire to benefit society (and the money he controls has done many splendid things) why doesn't he spend say about ten cents investigating himself? The masses of the people do not need any investigating. We know all about the various conditions that keep the wretched poor, want and worry at the door of so many millions of homes. What Mr. Rockefeller should do is to ask himself a few questions, and the first one I would suggest is this: "How did I come to have a hundred million dollars to throw away on a mere hobby, when millions of people in the country in which this money has been made, haven't even one dollar for bread let alone for folly? And again how comes it in a country that can hand hundreds of millions of dollars to me and my friends, that there are millions upon millions of people so wretchedly poverty stricken that they need putting under the microscope and prodding and investigating, questioning and examining just as a scientist examines a bunch of microbes?" Mr. Rockefeller is not likely to ask himself that question. He knows without spending a cent what ails society, but he is too good a business man to admit that he does know. Most of the money that will be spent on this investigation has been made from a product which nature has been millions of years storing up in the bowels of the earth, and which if we had a government which cared one atom for the interests of the people, would never have been allowed to have passed into private hands and used as a weapon, a monopolistic weapon, to exploit the people and enrich a few men beyond the dreams of avarice.

Henry H. Klein in his work "Stan'd Oil, or The People," says: "This country is passing through an economic crisis which means freedom or slavery for the people. The economic life of the nation is being crushed out by the greed of those who control its industries and finance. Twenty persons own the majority of the stock in the Standard Oil. They are in control of the principal railroads, mines and public utilities; they have fully one billion dollars invested in other than Standard Oil securities; they control the newspapers through the advertising columns, and maintain an influence over education and religion through the colleges which they endow, and the churches and ministers which they support and pension. Their profits from all securities amount to a quarter of a billion dollars a year. In a few years at the present rate of profit making the Standard Oil will own practically everything of value in the United States." These figures ought to give you food for serious thought.

Now here is something you probably never have thought of, for the average individual seldom does any thinking, except as to where his next meal is coming from. You know the truth of the old saying that money makes money. After a man gets a certain amount of money, he doesn't work, his money works for him. He invests his cash and lives on the interest, and it is the tollers all over the earth that have to work and pay that interest. Suppose now I buy up all the peanuts in the country and control the peanut industry. In a year or two I find my profits are so large that I can not only control the peanut industry, but I've got a lot of superfluous capital to put into the wooden leg industry. In a year or two my profits on peanuts and wooden legs are so great, I begin investing in the false teeth industry, and so I go on, just as the Standard Oil has gone on, investing in banks, railroads, gobbling up this and gobbling up that, controlling the lives and destinies of millions of men, getting as much work from them as possible, and paying them as little as possible in return, exerting a hateful influence over legislators, defying our laws, bringing the courts and judges under suspicion, and even menacing the law making power of Congress. You see it's just like the little snowball that keeps

spinning two hundred and fifty million dollars for various educational and charitable purposes, while scores of men of vast wealth, equally capable of doing good have never given a single cent to help their fellow beings.

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

WHITESTONE, R. R. 1, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I want to see this song in Print written by Bessie Millwood.

#### The Lightling Express

The Lightling Express at the Depot Last night as it started on its way, all the Passengers on Board of the train they all seemed Happy and gay Except one young man was sitting By himself was holding a Letter in his hand was plain to be seen By the tears in his eyes that the contents made him feel sad.

chor

Please Mister conductor don't Put me off your train, for the very best friend I have in this world is waiting for me in pain mother is expecting to die in a moment sir and May not last through the day I want to kiss my mother goodby dear sir Before god takes her away.

A stan old conductor then started around to get a ticket from everyone he came to this young man in grafted tones comanded his fair I have no ticket the young man said I will Pay you back some day I will put you off at the next station sir, but he stoped when he heard the man say

Repet chor

A little girl was sitting close by a Hearing what they did say She picked up his hat and colesion soon made and paid the boys way on train Oblige to you Miss for your kindness to me you are welcome said she never fear Each time the conductor would pass through the car those words would ring in his ears.

chor

mother was sick when I left home and needed a doctor care I came to your town impolent to get but could not find work here A letter rived from sister this morning mother was dying said she and that is why I want to ride on your train thoe I have no money to Pay.

chor

I live on the farm and like it fine I will Be 21 next May Have light hair, grey eyes, weigh 120 pounds am five feet tall I am sending you a song I want you to print it is a beautiful song so I will close for this time your friend as every

MISS BESSIE MILLWOOD.

Bessie, I am sorry you think The Lightling Express a "beautiful" song. The song tastes of the American people are not very high I regret to say, in every city there are of course a few cultured people who know a real song from punk and junk, but the punkier and junkier a song is the more chance it has to make a hit with the class of people who go wild over such doepy ditties as "Willie Get The Hammer, There's a Fly on Baby's Lip," "The Eggs My Mother's Chickens Laid For Me," "Take Back Your Heart I Asked For Liver," "Grandma's Teeth Will Soon Fit Willie," "Did She Fall Or Was She Pushed," I have published the song as you wrote it Bessie, or nearly as you wrote it, for in its original form it is almost unprintable. The Lightling Express, I take it is your way of expressing The Lightling Express. Nothing like originality. In the first verse we see the young man slitting his "hifself." I've heard an Irishman talk of a hen as a hen. What's your idea in trying to convert a human being into poultry. Make it himself next time. In the chorus you have a capital B for Before and a small g for God. It's God that needs a capital letter and not before. In your second spasm you speak of a "stan" old conductor. No doubt you mean "stern" old conductor. You say he spoke in "grated tones." Conductors have done a lot of grafting in their time, but though grafting affects the pocketbook I'd no idea it affected the voice. Probably you mean "gruff tones." I think that's nearer the mark. You say the conductor comanded the boy's "fair." What was he trying to do, steal his complexion? I hope not as that would be a skin game. Most railroads run a skin game, so the conductor may possibly have been after his complexion as well as his fare. Note the difference between the spelling of the two words. Wasn't it perfectly lovely of the young man to promise the conductor he would pay him back some day and wouldn't be perfectly lovely if we could all get aboard a train here in New York say, bound for San Francisco. With sleepers, meals, etc, that trip would only cost about \$112. Then when the train started and the "stan" old conductor came round with his "grated voice" and we found it inconvenient to hand him our complextions and still more inconvenient to whack up a hundred bones for the fare, we could pull a crumpled piece of paper out of our pockets, start our lamps leaking, and hand the conductor a bull coin story that mother was dying from inflammation of the pocketbook and extreme stringency of the monetary system, and wanted to kiss us before she cashed in her checks. Then just as the "stan" old conductor decided to pull the bell rope and dump us on the prairie between New York and Yonkers, a little girl would pass around the hat, collect three cents and a pant's button, and the conductor would put the three cents in his pocket and give the company the pant's button, and take the whole bunch of us to San Francisco and throw in a chop suey supper and a trip to the Barbary Coast for good measure, and mother would be down to the depot to meet us, dolled up in her Sunday best looking so fascinating, that the conductor would marry her right on the jump, and the train would have to walk back on the best way it could. Oh, I just tell you if life was like the song writers paint it, we'd be having more fun than a society dog at his own funeral. But alas, things never turn out that way. Bessie informs us that the little girl took up the poor young man's hat and made a "colesion." I've heard of a collection being made but never a colesion. A colesion I imagine must be an improvement on the old fashioned collection, a regular Wall Street hold up game judging from the results. I think I'll get Billy the Goat to pass around the hat and take up a colesion for me, so that I can hire Dr. Care, the gentleman referred to in the last verse, for a man who comes into violent collision with the "Lightling" Express is going to get it between his breakfast and his dinner time if he doesn't get off the track. Alas! the little girls who will get up a colesion for a man are mighty few and far between. In the last verse we are told that the young man went to town to get "empolment," which if I know anything about it is a new way for spelling employment. If I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

### Wash Day Don't's

and

### Wash Day Do's



Don't boil or scald clothes; don't hard-rub them. Boiling and rough rubbing wear out fabrics much faster than actual use.



Don't waste fuel, time, strength, health, by doing your washing the old-fashioned way. There is an easier, quicker, better way—the Fels-Naptha way.



Do this the next time you wash:

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Fels-Naptha Soap is just as wonderful for all soap and water housework as it is for washing clothes.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia.

# A Sacrifice to Love

By Hapsburg Liebe

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**S**HE was a little woman, bent and gray, was the Widow Sarah Lee Oliver, and the patience of her lined face was both beautiful and unforgettable. She lived alone in her two-roomed log house on the brow of the hill that overshadowed the little mountain town, Morrisville. Her husband had built the cabin there, at her wish; she had told him that the view was worth carrying water a long way. And her husband, also at her wish, had sown out a low window in the western wall, from which she had seen thousands of sunsets, and from which she could see every house in the town below. He had called it the Sunset Window—and by that name did Sarah Lee still call it.

The air of the spring morning was to her like that of some especially hallowed Sabbath. The sun was warm and bright; a fresh breeze caressed the vines and the rosebushes with a gentleness almost human; hens clucked, birds sang, mud-wasps droned. It was the greatest day of old Sarah Lee's life; the happiest, the best, the sweetest. She had succeeded in her heaviest undertaking.

For her daughter Betty, a girl of nineteen, was to be home that day from having finished her schooling in the nearest city, which lay twenty miles west of Morrisville. Sarah Lee had worked and starved, suffered, almost bled, for years, that Betty might have an opportunity to become a woman of accomplishments.

The little woman had forgotten the old wound in her heart as she looked from the Sunset Window out across the rows of hewn log houses and to the scrub-bordered wagon road that stretched out like a dirty-white ribbon toward the railroad and the city. The wound was that her one son, six years older than Betty, had left home at the age of twelve, no word of any kind having been received from him during the whole thirteen years of his absence.

Although she knew that her daughter would not reach Morrisville until late in the afternoon, Sarah Lee began the very best dinner she could afford full two hours too early—she had two baked peasebills, vegetables, pies, jellies, a cake.

The sun sank lower and lower, and she watched breathlessly from the western window for the homecoming of Betty. She would go to the wavy mirror and touch again and again her gray tresses to see that not a single hair was out of its place; she would carefully smooth down the folds in her fresh, dark percale dress, and see that her coarse shoes had not the slightest fleck of dust on them.

Then a black object appeared on the dirty-white ribbon of a road, in the distance. As it came nearer, she saw that it was a light vehicle drawn by a pair of mettlesome horses—and it was coming at what seemed to Sarah Lee a terrific pace! In front of the court house she saw a well-dressed young man alight, tie the reins to the hitching rack, and help a girl to the ground in a manner that was both courteous and masterful. She watched them closely, her eyes too dim to recognize her daughter—but she had no doubt that it was Betty.

The pair came hastily up the winding path. There was a rush of white, lacy garments, a vision of loveliness—and a pair of soft, warm arms went about Sarah Lee's old neck. The young man, strong looking and masterful as he appeared to be, turned his head to admire the little panorama spread out before him.

Sarah Lee Oliver, however, could not forget her inborn spirit of hospitality, even in her heaven of gladness. She cordially invited her daughter's escort into her humble home.

"Why, I didn't even tell you his name, mother!" Betty cried, her blue eyes shining with happiness. "That's Arnold Stewart—my mother. Wasn't it kind of him to bring me home?"

Arnold Stewart had addressed a thousand men during his short career as an attorney with much more confidence in himself than he had when he spoke his first words to Sarah Lee Oliver. For the light on the little widow's countenance was greater by far than the expression of any of the thousand masculine faces.

"It was a pleasure to bring your daughter home, I assure you," he managed to say, after the introduction. "So let's forget it."

"It was kind in you," declared Sarah Lee. "And you must have dinner with us, Mr. Stewart. I know you're hungry, after such a long drive. And I want you to eat like a horse!"

They laughed. Stewart entered the cabin, and accepted a creaking chair as graciously as though it were some magic throne. Then they had dinner, and the guest ate with a gusto he had rarely shown for food.

When it was over, he took little, bent Sarah Lee by the shoulders, looked smilingly down into her good face, and told her that he wished to marry her daughter.

"I admit it pleases me to hear you say that," said Sarah Lee, after a moment of silence, returning his sincere gaze with equal sincerity; "but I think you'd better not marry Betty."

"Why?"

"Must I go over it?" murmured the old woman. "She is too young to marry, for one reason. Besides, you are the son of a wealthy man, and naturally your people expect you to marry a wealthy woman. You see, Betty has written me about you."

Stewart smiled and shook his fine head slowly. "Money!" he exclaimed, a little bitterly. "Money! What is any money, compared to Betty Oliver?"

"The color of romance sometimes fails to last forever," said Sarah Lee. "And then—think of me, Mr. Stewart. What would I do without her?—not that—" she interrupted him with a hand raised to his broad shoulder. "I know you would say that I could live with you. There are things here that I could not leave, Mr. Stewart."

There followed a moment of awkward silence. Betty however, stepped into the breach.

"I told you all this, Arnold," she said softly. "I could never leave her, even for you, Arnold. It was her unceasing work and self denial that made my education possible, that made it possible for you to care for me. No, I owe her too much. I cannot go with you to your world, much as I—as I—"

She covered her face with her hands and ran, sobbing aloud, into the other room. She had defeated her purpose by breaking down. It caused old Sarah Lee to see matters in a different light. Betty loved him! Must Betty throw aside her happiness for her? Could she hold Betty from her heart's desire? For Betty would not have sobbed, had she not loved Arnold Stewart.

No, Sarah Lee decided, she couldn't. And as she looked Arnold Stewart over again she began to have great faith in him.

"Arnold," she breathed, addressing him thus almost affectionately, "Betty is yours, if she wants to be—and it seems that she does. She's told me a great deal about you; and I believe you're a man all through. That's the highest compliment I know, Arnold. I ask only that you both come back here very often."

Sarah Lee's judgment was correct; Arnold Stewart was a man, all of a man; there was no skeleton in the closet of his life. It came to him dazed that he must throw out of the weighing his own happiness; that he must think of the patient woman to whom Betty owed all. He paled, and his gaze, filled with pain, sought the same thing for this contest.

The prizes will be awarded and paid for the pictures of the fourteen most attractive homes according to my judgment of the photos. The largest and most pretentious houses may not win, for neatness and coziness with an air of thrift and comfort, and good sense, displayed in the buildings and their surroundings will be considered as important factors of attractiveness.

I will also pay one dollar each for any photos that I may wish to keep, other than the fourteen prize-winners. The others I will return if the owners so request and enclose postage for return.

But the little widow read his thoughts of sacrifice.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, her voice thick. "It's good of you. Don't you see that if you don't take her we'll all be unhappy?"

And I believe Betty would be missing a great deal by losing you. If you still want her, Arnold, she is yours."

Arnold Stewart's face jerked strangely as he caught the little old woman up in a hug that almost frightened her.

"I still want her!" he assured Sarah Lee.

Two months later they were married. Stewart's set immediately fell in love with Betty, as much so as the people of Morrisville had loved her mother before her. And the young couple did not forget, for all their happiness, the old woman living alone in the cabin on the hill that frowned down upon Morrisville. They visited her at every opportunity; gifts and money came regularly, while no week passed without a pressing letter concerning Sarah Lee's making her home with them.

The last of these missives was especially urgent. It was in the form of a petition, and signed to it were the names of young Stewart's father and mother, as well as his own and Betty's. Sarah Lee kissed it, and went to the window that looked out across the little town and over miles of mountainous country stretching to the westward. The sun was going down, and rays of golden glory, interspersed with shafts of crimson and violet and purple, shot from the distant horizon like a heavenly aurora borealis. Sarah Lee read the letter again, and this time she bowed her gray head to the sill log and whispered calmly.

"Yes," the little woman admitted, with studied calmness.

"My husband whispered to me—but I won't tell it at all—whispered to me that this desperado looks a lot like your husband used to look," Mrs. Spurden retorted with spirit—for the Raines were relatives of her husband's. "Why, Sarah Lee, the Raines are among the best people of the county; there's George Raines is the sheriff, and Holton Raines is a magistrate. I know Mort and George Raines had a fight last week, but George Raines wouldn't kill a man unless it was to save himself, Sarah Lee. Sarah Lee," she went on triumphantly, her eyes narrowing, "didn't you have a boy to run off from home a long time ago?"

"Sarah Lee forced a smile. "There is not the slightest chance that he is my son," she declared. "My blood and my husband's blood has no murderer in it, Jane."

And there was that in her tones that caused the gossip to change the topic of conversation immediately. Sarah Lee Oliver was—figuratively—a fighter.

But the little widow's mind was not quite at rest now, despite the fact that there was no murderer in the blood of her son. For he had resembled his father, had the boy Newton.

Justice in Morrisville was strict in its adherence to the law and quick. The young man accused of the killing of Morton Hendricks was brought to trial with little delay. He called himself John Doe with a peculiar twinkle in his dead, gray eyes and refused to say anything about his past. He talked only when it was absolutely necessary, and the burden of his speech was in the main stout declarations of his innocence. His attorney fought hard for him, but to no effect. The idea that the killing was connected in any way with the old feud between the Raines and the Hendrickses was met by hoots and jeers.

There was a breathless silence in the courtroom. The rustling of the leaves on the gnarled maples without could be plainly heard. The faraway tinkle of cowbells became a roar. The neigh of a horse was almost startling. They were waiting for the return of the jury.

And they did not have long to wait. The twelve good men and true filed slowly to their places, their countenances heavy with the weight of the judgment they were to set upon the shoulders of a fellow man. Sarah Lee Oliver, unable to entirely throw off the haunting fear that had fought continuously to sink its wolfish fangs into her soul, stood at one of the windows, on the outside, waiting to get a glimpse of the accused to see for herself that it was not her son. Voices came to her dully. Then she caught a few words that jammed in her heart like leaden balls:

"Hanged by the neck until dead—Friday in October—jailbird—Morrisville!"

Her wrinkled face growing white with apprehension, she shifted her position; then she hastened to another window. She saw the prisoner now, standing erect, manful, his head up, his eyes deep and earnest. It seemed that he was mentally pitying those who had condemned him to death. She knew him, for all his grown-up air. It was indeed her son, this man who was to be hanged by the neck until dead—Friday in October—jailbird—Morrisville!

She reeled at the blow, and saved herself from falling only by her grasp on the windowsill. Her husband's blood, her own blood, the first life she had held to her young breast, the child of her heart, the boy of the beautiful sunset land and of her thousands of prayers to God—a murderer!

Then he saw her and knew her. He saw her old eyes wide, staring, accusing, searching him through and through for the murder-blood. His lips moved, shaping soundlessly a single word, a word meant for her eyes alone—and which was caught by her eyes alone, because those in the courtroom had been too intent on watching the outcome of the trial to see the little woman at the window. The one word was—"Betty!"

Betty! So that was the reason he had refused to give his name! He would not have it said against Betty that her brother was hanged. If a murderer, then in one respect a noble murderer. It did not occur to this woman of sacrifice that he had also been trying to shield her from disgrace by calling himself John Doe.

Her mind in a chaotic state, Sarah Lee Oliver hastened up the winding pathway to the cabin on the hill and to the Sunset Window. The hazy autumn sun was going down in a bank of smoke from mountain fires; it was setting in a sea of death, cold, distant. Her eyes were dry. There were no more tears to shed. All was ended of her watching and praying and waiting; all was gone out into the great uselessness of earthly things. So this was the answer to her prayers! This was the wages of her eternal sacrifices!

Now more than ever before she felt that she had indeed made sacrifices, and that she had indeed had faith. It seemed so unkind of heaven. She wondered if God cared, watching the last rays of the dim sun's cold aurora as she wondered. Perhaps she was too little to come beneath His notice. There were so many, many people in the world: she was so small, so unimportant. And then the first rebellion of her life stirred within her. She turned her eyes again to the darkening west, and into the twilight's hush her quivering lips sent the words that, so long ago, had shaken the brow of Calvary's hill:

"Elo, Elo, lama sabachthani!"

The quiet that followed sank into her brain with a feeling of guilt, a feeling of shame. A belated brown sparrow flew to its nestingplace in a knothole in the log first above the Sunset Window—a sparrow.

Her lips moved again: "Not a sparrow falleth and they continued to move: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

When night had come the little woman, seeming more bent, older, grayer, stole down through the darkness to the high fence that ran around the jail. She was going to see her son. She had not thought of the guard that paced on the outside of the fence. It was the sheriff himself, who would be on duty until midnight; and he recognized the familiar figure that crept along in the shadows.

"Sarah Lee!"

"Yes, it's Sarah Lee, George," she said lowly. She knew now that she would have need of a confidante, and decided to trust him with the secret. "George," she continued, "I must have a friend. I want you to swear that you won't betray us."

Wondering, Raines raised his hand and swore. "George, for heaven's sake never tell it," Sarah Lee whispered tremulously. "The prisoner in there is my boy, who ran away from home thirteen years ago. I want to see him."

"Why, Sarah Lee Oliver!" There was genuine surprise and pain in the officer's words. "Not so loud, George," cautioned the little widow, putting a hand on his arm. "Nobody must know it until we decide fully about it. You see, my son wouldn't tell his name, to save Betty from disgrace. I'm not ashamed to own my son, George, but I've got to see him first, and talk it over."

Sheriff Raines turned and unlocked the gate to the stockade, and Sarah Lee followed him through the dark night to the door of the strong, primitive prison. Another lock clicked, and they were inside the stuffy room.

"Newton!"

"Mother!" came from the pitchy gloom in a low cry of mingled joy and despair. He had known her voice, despite the years that had passed since he had seen her. "I'm so glad you came. Does anybody know of it except the sheriff?"

"Nobody," sobbed Sarah Lee, from her place on his broad breast. "George Raines was your father's friend, and he has sworn never to tell. But—Newton, I cannot be ashamed to own my son, George, before Almighty God—did you kill Morton Hendricks?"

He lifted her higher and kissed her in a manner that of itself was assurance of his innocence.

"Before Almighty God, I did not," he swore. "But there was no show for me. I could do nothing. The sentence cannot be undone now. I must be a martyr to justice, mother; and we must keep the secret for

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

was escorted by a man who found a seat for her near enough to us that the conversation was easily understood. He disappeared and quickly returned and told her he had found a suitable hotel and invited her to accompany him. She wisely refused.

We learned afterward that he was a total stranger to her.

Not possessing an air of culture and refinement, either in manners or dress, she was shunned as an ogre or passed by unnoticed, except by some who forgot themselves so much as to stare continually. She approached our party and conversed with us telling us her story. Soon she passed on, still the victim of those chilly stares mingled with haughty looks. We felt that guardian angels were still on duty though.

Our train was called and as the scene came before us again in memory, we felt that the world still contained more Levites than good Samaritans.

There was no humiliation on the part of the Good Samaritan as he ministered to the needs of the wounded man for he possessed charity or perfect love.

It takes much grace to be Christlike; but our great Teacher said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I am the youngest of the family and the only one at home. I live with my parents on the farm. We are located in the central part of the state. I have never lived in the city; but prefer the country life always. The city has its advantages but with the many modern conveniences country life is not so remote as formerly. Many of our country people are as cultured and refined as those you meet in the city. Of course we cannot do without the cities; neither can they disregard us and prosper. But after all the sentiments expressed in the beautiful poem, written by John Howard Payne, while exiled, "There is no place like Home," applies to all.

Someone has said, "A Contented mind is a perpetual feast," then how richly endowed we are if we possess it together with the faculty of finding, "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," and God everywhere.

I will send one of my poems which I hope will encourage some dear sister in the performance of the many every-day tasks.

## Just Persevere

"When the tasks that lie before you,  
Seem as numerous as the stars,  
And success seems just as possible  
As a journey up to Mars;  
'Tis no time now for despairing,  
Just begin; and persevere,  
You will be surprised how quickly  
That each task will disappear.

"Taken a grim determination,  
An unflinching courage too,  
To reach the heights of mountains,  
That extend into the blue.  
But if you keep climbing upward,  
With a guide to lead you on,  
You will surely reach the summit  
When the victory is won."

I hope I haven't tired dear Mrs. Wilkinson and you sisters with the length of my first call.

I will be pleased to hear from any of the sisters.

With best wishes to all, Miss NELLIE F. STOVAL.

Miss Stoval. The tone of your letter indicates that you have acquired the art of looking beyond the trivial every-day tasks to the final completion and that is half the battle. We are all willing to do the big things but it requires courage to do the little things well, without complaining.—Ed.

STONEROBO, R. R. 1, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I saw so many interesting letters last month that I decided to try again.

I want to talk to the girls on character building."

I speak to girls because I'm a girl myself and know the heart of a girl.

First, let us study for a while and see if we can't get a clearer conception of what it really is to be a girl or woman in the truest sense of the word. Let us take for our motto the old philosopher's maxim, "Know thyself," by looking into our own lives for a moment and seeing just what there is in there.

I think when we are old enough to realize that we are existing and for a purpose, right then we should begin to study our nature, to detect our faults and shortcomings, and try hard to overcome them. Then we should try to develop the good qualities, those womanly virtues which God intended for woman to possess, for to be sure there is something good in everybody. We are all designed for a purpose, each with his sphere to fill in this world. Don't be discouraged because you can't climb high in the world and have honors heaped upon you. God has given you a talent; it may be one of those virtues—say kindness, a sweet, lovable disposition. That may seem as nothing to you, but did you know that is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, gift God could bestow upon woman—to be always cheerful and calm, never fretting and worrying over trifles, but carrying all to God in prayer. There is no limit to such a woman's influence.

There is no limit to such a woman's influence. Girls, to those of you who are high tempered, easily vexed and, perhaps, to some extent quarrelsome, try to begin early in life by asking your Heavenly Father to help you to overcome these or any other fault in your nature.

We have it in our power to shape our own lives and by our example, influence the lives of others. Girls, what are we going to do?"

Are we going to make a generation of giddy, narrow-minded women who think of nothing else but dress and amusements? No, no; let us determine to be something—to make of ourselves noble, broad-minded women who will be a blessing to the world. Now is the time we are forming our characters. Every day we are growing better or worse, either by trying to overcome some faults and so make our lives purer and sweeter, or by willfully developing some spark of evil in our nature.

Have some aim in life, then shape everything to that end. Let everything you say and do be a step nearer the goal to which you climb. It is good for us to have in mind some ideal person, and who does not admire that lofty Christian character, that sweet Christ-like spirit in a woman? Then shape your lives by that character.

Be very thoughtful, always thinking before you speak and act. Often we say some very unkind things, thoughtlessly of course, and by so doing cast a shadow on many a happy heart.

Always cultivate a pleasant expression. Speak kindly, a censorious tongue is a perpetual scourge, but kind words heal wounds. Goodness is greater than smartness.

In your work for God you will often blunder. Don't worry too much over your blunders, but learn from them. Be cheerful. Solemnity is no sign of Godliness. The owl is no better than the robin.

Don't try to please everyone. It is hard for sixty to sympathize with sixteen, and you will have some critics. Be yourself—natural, modest, kind, earnest, Godly. Some will dub you slow, some declare you fast; but you have only one Master, please Him. Try to forget yourself and remember others. Be not anxious to know many people, but to help those you do know. Try not so much to extend your influence as to strengthen it.

Shun questionable company. Remember, wealth is no surety for character. Gilded sin is not holiness, and the world knows it. Keep good company or none. Be sincere. Do not say all you mean, but mean all you say. Perfection may be impossible to humanity, but we can at least be true. Let dress and speech, song and prayer, clasp of hand and glance of eye, be all expressions of your sincere desire to please your God and serve your brother.

Best wishes to all,

CLARA BAKER.

Clara Baker. The following poem, which was sent in by a sister, brings out a point you mentioned—that of forgetting our blunders, remembering them only long enough to prevent a repetition of the same mistake. It has cheered and encouraged me and I am glad to pass it along for the benefit of others.

## Today

"With every rising of the sun  
Think of your life as just begun.  
The past has canceled and buried deep  
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

"Concern yourself with but today.  
Grasp it, and teach it to obey  
Your will and plan. Since time began  
Today has been the friend of man.

"And the great heritage of time,  
With God Himself to bind the twain.  
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! Attain!"

## Sir Thomas Lipton Assists American Red Cross Work

His Steam Yacht to Take American Doctors, Nurses and Hospital Supplies to Serbia

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**S**IR THOMAS LIPTON, known the world over as the proprietor of Lipton's tea and popular in the United States as the genial contestant for the America's cup, has placed himself and his elegant, great steam yacht, the *Erin*, at the service of the American and British Red Cross Societies for their relief work in stricken Serbia.

He has recently fitted out the *Erin* for this purpose and at the present writing she is about to sail on her mission of mercy. Sir Thomas will accompany the expedition to see that nothing is lacking so far as lies in his power to contribute to its success.

Our readers remember that the present European conflict started with Austria's declaration of war against Serbia and immediate attack on that unfortunate little country whose present plight through the devastation of war and the attendant ravages of famine and disease resulting from invasion by the Austrian armies is as bad if not worse than that of Belgium.

In a recent interview Sir Thomas Lipton said: "One can scarcely imagine the terrible ravages of typhus in Serbia. It is far worse than typhoid fever and even worse than the black plague."

"There I am sailing shortly on the *Erin*, taking with me 20 doctors and 60 tons of medicines and hospital comforts. I have already placed my yacht at the disposition of the American Red Cross and British Red Cross societies and am under their orders.

"It is my earnest desire that I may have the pleasure and honor of taking American doctors and nurses to Serbia. There is a crying need for hospital work to be done."

## Wonderful Career of a Self-Made Man

Sir Thomas Lipton is an interesting character and has had a remarkable career. Though a British subject by birth and loyal to his country he seems very American in the democratic simplicity and delightful cordiality of his manners and to a degree also in his habit of thought and his business methods. This may be due in part to the influence of his early experiences and associations in our country.

He was born poor but with an ambition and will to be somebody, which impelled him as a boy to seek his fortune in the great Western land of opportunity.

He is a native of Glasgow, Scotland, his parents having come there from the north of Ireland. His schooling was curtailed by the necessity to work, as may be judged from the fact that at the age of fifteen he had saved from his own earnings enough to pay his passage to New York where he landed fifty years ago. Just after the close of our Civil War. For years he worked hard, first in the rice fields of South Carolina and later in New York and other Northern cities until from his small wages he had saved five hundred dollars besides sending home money each month to help his parents in Scotland.

From boyhood it had been his fixed determination to acquire wealth and great wealth, not as an end nor for the miserly satisfaction of being rich but as a means of accomplishing great things and doing good in the world.

Brains, hard work and capital faithfully employed are the three essentials requisite to the honest acquisition of riches.

He had labored hard and faithfully for others until he had saved five hundred dollars with which to start in business for himself. With this small nest egg, which was destined to grow into one of the greatest fortunes in England, he returned to Glasgow and opened a small retail provision store, paying cash for his stock and at first doing all the work himself without assistance of clerk or bookkeeper. Brains, industry and honesty constituted the big end of his business equipment and told heavily in his favor. His business grew rapidly until he had one of the largest stores in Glasgow; then he began establishing stores in other places and in a short time had them in the principal cities of the British Isles.

He had become rich, at the same time earning a reputation for honesty and square dealing with the public that was his best asset.

## The Lipton Idea

Thus far he had been only a dealer retailing the goods that others produced. But realizing how much the middlemen's expenses and profits added to the price the consumer had to pay, he decided to become a producer of some of the goods that he was selling and to share with his customers

584 49th St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Ever since I have taken COMFORT, about three years, I had planned writing and answering some of the interesting letters which are published in the sisters' column. I don't know whether I can give any help in general in this open letter, but should any of the sisters care for any information will be glad to answer all letters.

First, I will tell you about myself and surroundings.

I am twenty-six years old and have lived in Milwaukee all my life, with the exception of the summers which we spend at our summer home on Okaneechee Lake thirty-five miles from Milwaukee, a most beautiful place. Many of you may not know that Wisconsin is the state of lakes. Millionaires from all over the United States come to these lakes. It is lovely to spend the hot days where there is always a cool breeze, and I often wish the poor people could enjoy it with me. I am never really happy, for I always think of the poor, the old, and needy.

To those mothers who have boys and girls and have a chance to go to some summer resort, please don't let them go unless properly chaperoned, I see, yes, hundreds of girls being misled during one summer. I wish I could have a heart-to-heart talk with every girl, and boy, too, for the boys are not always to know all the time.

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We live in a pretty bungalow only two short blocks from Washington Park and Zoo. I take baby out in the park every day when the weather permits.

Will be glad to answer all letters sent to me.

My best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers.

MRS. M. C. BALDWIN.

BEULAH, WYO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND EDITOR:

I have thought of writing to you so many times, but always found a letter that handled the subject I had in mind so much better than I could that I gave it up, but there is so much in common among us country mothers that I feel someone might like to hear from one away out in Wyoming.

We are living near the Black Hills and the climate is very mild; the hardier fruits do well, and although the winters are quite severe at times, most years we have very little snow and the chinook wind blows often enough to remind us of summer. The altitude is about four thousand feet here but it ranges from three thousand feet in the southeastern part to very high in the western part of the state. We are thirty-five miles from Deadwood and from the Homestead mine, the biggest gold mine, you know.

The scenery is very fine, and although we came from the mountains of Colorado we think these hills are more beautiful, they are so rugged. The tops of most of those near us are low and flat and are farmed, while the valleys are very narrow and seem to have been formed by the earth cracking, leaving a little flat surrounded by sheer walls of rock which are called rim-rocks.

We have a three hundred and twenty acre homestead and are very proud of it; we live in the valley where we have about twenty acres. The rim-rock is out in front, but at the back is a gradual slope and the timber runs down to the house. We have named our ranch "Robin's Nest." Do you think it pretty?

Mrs. McRee, please shake hands. I can imagine you among your roses, working and loving them. I, too, am getting a few started and, like you, always love to give them to others. I also have large quantities of annuals. Asters are my favorites as are sweet peas and four o'clocks. Several years ago I bought a package of Japanese morning glories as the blossoms looked so pretty in the catalogue, never dreaming that they were perennial, but although they have never bloomed since the first years they are large vines now and everyone who sees them thinks they are grapes.

Chinese pinks gave me much satisfaction last summer, continuing to bloom after the ground was slightly frozen, and such a variety! Zinnias and poppies are easy to grow and are not to be slighted. I like the Shirley poppies best and had lovely ones last year, but of course there is no odor. But one should get a few perennials started as soon as possible. I have, besides

what has been already mentioned, iris, forget-me-nots, columbines, peonies and lilacs, although these last haven't bloomed yet; but of course I am not satisfied

with the benefit of the saving made by thus cutting out the middlemen.

Jams and canned fruits, because of the way they were put up and handled in England, were luxuries for the rich. So he went into the canning business and by doing it on a large scale and by more economical methods of handling he brought down the prices of his products to where they were within the means of ordinary people. He even raised a considerable portion of the fruits and berries, that he put up, on large farms which were purchased and operated for that purpose.

The British are great tea drinkers and the consumption of tea in Britain and her colonies is enormous. The tea business offered an immense field for the application of the Lipton principle of direct dealing between producer and consumer and Sir Thomas was not slow to recognize and seize the opportunity.

## Begins Raising Tea

He visited all the tea-producing countries, and after careful study of the best methods of cultivation, harvesting and preparation of the different varieties of tea he bought extensive tracts of land in India and Ceylon and went into tea raising on a scale never before attempted by any single concern. When he had this established he was offered ten million dollars for his tea plantations. But he refused to sell, saying that his tea business was still in its infancy. And so it was, for it soon outgrew the requirements of the four hundred and twenty Lipton stores in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and he put his product on the general market with the result that Lipton tea is known the world over.

He has become a large producer of other food products which he retails in the Lipton stores. He has coffee and cocoa plantations in Ceylon, and he bought out a Chicago meat packing establishment that handled three thousand hogs a day.

Sir Thomas Lipton is now one of the richest men in England, and in marked contrast with some of our multi-millionaires, he has made his money honestly, for he has neither robbed the rich nor squeezed it out of the poor. He has no monopoly in any line of business but sells in fair and free competition with thousands of other dealers. Instead of forming a trust or cornering the markets to raise prices, his aim has been, by doing business on an enormous scale, by producing many of the products which he retails, by economic management, better business methods and the cutting out of middlemen's profits and expenses, to reduce food prices to the millions of customers who consume his goods. And thus the people, and especially the poor, have benefited by the business methods which have enriched him.

## What He Does with His Money

How does he use his wealth? Just as you would expect such a broad-minded man to do—a man who knows what it is to be poor. He gives liberally to every worthy charity, and he has given as high as half a million dollars in a single donation.

He is also a patron of clean sport. His special delight is yachting and three times he has crossed the Atlantic with a new yacht to race for the famous America's cup. In each race luck was against him, but he accepted defeat so gracefully that he won something better than the prize cup—the respect, admiration and good will of the American people.

Last summer he built a fourth yacht and was about to come over and race our yachtsmen again for the great international trophy when the war broke out and the race was called off.

The "Sir" before his name means that the King has made him a baronet in



## "I know what father likes best"

EVEN the children know that Arbuckles' Coffee gets the biggest welcome at the breakfast table.

It is the popular favorite everywhere. More of it is used than any other packaged coffee.

Think what this means.

In America we drink more coffee than does any other nation. Last year 900,000,000 lbs. of coffee were brought here. Think of all the different kinds of coffee—the different varieties of flavor this represents.

For their favorite coffee, the people of this country have chosen Arbuckles'. For nearly fifty years they have shown their preference for this coffee. In one state last year four times as many pounds of Arbuckles' were used during the year as there were men, women

and children in the state. And the demand is continually increasing.

### Now packaged ground as well as whole bean

So that every woman can have her favorite coffee in the form she prefers, Arbuckles' is packed already ground (in a triple wrapped moisture-proof package) as well as in the whole bean.

### Have you tried it lately?

Before you serve another breakfast, go to your grocer's and get a package of Arbuckles' Coffee. Notice its aroma. Taste its rich, satisfying flavor and know why more of it is used than any other packaged coffee.

Better than ever



### Make your coffee earn lovely gifts for you

Save the signature on every Arbuckle wrapper. Get beautiful, useful gifts—articles you have always wanted. Arbuckles' premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee. In one year we gave away over a million of one premium alone! Send for our big Premium Catalog showing 150 of our most popular premiums. Write today to

Arbuckle Brothers, 71-82 Water St., N. Y.

*This is the signature  
you save*

## A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing, the daughter Alice is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquhar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogen, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right, receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting, Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe, Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess, Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them

where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed. Her attention is drawn to a piece of braid, convincing her that Alice is innocent. Taking the money and jewels to her chamber she discovers strands of silk caught in her jewel box and picks up a tiny bangle. Left alone with Imogen, Mrs. Marchmont produces evidence of her guilt and her determination to ruin Alice. The guests return home. Alice and May riding in the Marchmont carriage. As it turns toward Beechcot, a shabby-looking man recognizes a piece of luggage and believes that one of the two girls is the missing baby. Will returns to Yale and Alice to her work. A prize is offered by a woman of New York, prominent in society who claims that she makes no difference in mental capacity and solicits applications from both sexes to take part in a law debate. Judge Ashburton, anxious for Alice to compete, invites her and her sister to accompany him to New York. A few days are spent in studying up the questions involved and they sail for New York. Alice is chosen as one of the contestants and wins the thousand dollar prize. Judge Ashburton is called home by a telegram from Mr. Fletcher, who has important documents stolen from his safe. He reports the loss to the proper officials. Failing to find them Mr. Fletcher is arrested upon the charge of treason. Imogen visits Roland Fletcher in the jail. If she can give him back his freedom, restore his good name and the respect of his fellowmen will he make her his wife. Declaring it impossible to call another woman wife, Imogen realizes she has lost all and refuses to help Mr. Fletcher. The court opens; the third day Judge Ashburton is taken violently ill; he insists that Alice shall continue the case. Thoroughly posted on every point she takes up the argument of her opponent and reduces it to insignificance. Will arrives and conducts Alice to Castleview. The next morning Alice detects a man climbing over the railing of Imogen's window, preparing to let himself to the ground. Meeting the butler, she gets the gardener and they secure the man, binding his arms behind him. Alice searches his pockets and secures the stolen papers unopened. Driving to the courthouse with their prisoner and delivering him to an officer, Alice hurries inside where the Judge is addressing the jury. Failing to attract the Judge's attention, he proceeds with the case and the jury not finding evidence recommends that Mr. Fletcher be discharged. Alice produces the missing papers. The Judge demands an explanation and Mr. Fletcher goes out a free man. To make the story clear we go back to the night the papers were stolen. Imogen, left alone, wonders if she fastened a window in the library. Returning she recognizes the detective who has bounded her life, crouching before Roland Fletcher's safe. He admits the combination is easy and that he has taken all the money from the safe. He warns her not to make an outcry and reminds her that he knows where the missing child is, also that he can secure the perforated extension top case. He leaves her stricken dumb. The night of Judge Ashburton's sudden illness, Imogen, exhausted and nervous, lies down. She is awakened by an unusual sound. Going to the window and pushing the drapery aside she sees the face of Reardon, the detective. He demands admittance. If she gives one thousand pounds he will produce the stolen papers and give a statement that he stole them and will never reveal the other affair. Hearing voices and anxious to secrete him, Imogen opens a door and he passes into what he supposes to be a closet and she locks the door.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### FOLLED IN HIS ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

VEN when he found himself locked into the place where Imogen had pretended to conceal him, Reardon, the detective, did not, at first, feel in the least disturbed, although the click of the key as it turned the lock grated harshly on his nerves.

He reasoned that a sense of guilt on Imogen's part had impelled her to take this precaution which, under the circumstances, appeared but natural.

He stood quietly by the door and listened. Presently he heard the door of the room he had just left open and close, then the sound as of voices in subdued conversation which lasted only a moment or two, after which the door opened and closed again and all was still once more.

Now, he thought, he should be released, but no, there was not a sound in the room outside his prison.

Possibly, he reasoned, the woman had gone to the judge to try to get the money he had demanded, and deemed it safer to keep him there until her return, but he did not like the situation at all, for the sense of confinement and intense darkness was exceedingly unpleasant.

He put out his hands, but could feel no wall, and thought the closet must be a very large one.

He had matches and, striking one, he found himself in what might be more properly termed a trunkroom, for it was quite a sizable place, there being several trunks in it and garments of various descriptions hanging on the walls; but there was not a window or door in it, save the one by which he had entered.

"Hum!" he grunted, as his match went out and he struck another, "this is a deuce of a fix, and I'm blamed if I know just what to make of it."

He seated himself upon a trunk near the door and waited, with what patience he could command, until he should hear Imogen return.

He sat there in utter silence for at least half an hour, and then, unable to endure the suspense any longer, he tapped upon the door.

"Mrs. Ingraham," he said, with his lips close to the keyhole.

But there was no answer.

He waited another half hour, then he spoke again.

Still there came no reply, although he was sure he caught the sound of someone moving outside. Imogen really had not left the room, nor had anyone entered.

The moment the trunkroom door was closed and locked upon her enemy, she sped to the one leading into the hall, opened and closed it and pretended to be talking with someone.

Then she made as if she was letting someone out, after which she sat down and tried to decide what move to make next—it had only been a ruse to gain time and keep her prisoner quiet until she could arrive at some decision regarding him.

All the antagonism of her nature was aroused to arms, and she had arrived at a point where she felt that she must break the terrible yoke of bondage which, for so many years, had held her and, by some means, free herself forever from this bad man's power.

But how? This was the perplexing problem, and she could seem to think of no way to solve it.

Each time the detective spoke her lips curled in a cruel smile and her eyes flashed with mingled hatred and triumph. For more than an hour she sat there and never moved, thinking—thinking—but coming to no definite decision.

Then her prisoner, becoming desperate, rattled the knob impatiently and demanded to be released in tones that were dangerously loud.

Imogen arose, resolution and defiance dominant in every look and motion.

"Stop that!" she said, going close to the closet and speaking low, but authoritatively; "the judge is sleeping, and his man says he must not be disturbed tonight, so I can do nothing about the money until tomorrow morning."

Reardon swore roundly at this, for he now felt sure that she had not left the room, but was lying to him.

"Then let me out," he said.

"No," replied Imogen, firmly, "I am going to keep you here tonight, for I shall want those papers the first thing in the morning."

"Well, I can bring them to you then, — — — you unlock this door and let me out," the man commanded, roughly.

"No; something might happen that you would

not come—some accident, or you might change your mind; they might be stolen—a hundred things might occur. You'll have to get along there the best you can—"

"By — ! I'll raise the roof if you don't unlock the door this instant," he interposed, in a towering rage.

"Very well, you can do so if you choose," coolly responded Imogen, whose courage arose as she found herself so thoroughly mistress of the situation, "but just so sure as you do, you will go from here into a cell in the jail; now you can meditate over that, for I mean what I say."

He saw that she was resolute, and he cursed himself for a fool for having fallen so easily into her trap.

"I shall suffocate in here; come, be reasonable and let me out," he said, in a conciliatory tone, after a moment of thought.

"No, you will not suffocate, although I know the air hasn't a very good circulation in there, but there is quite a crack under the door, and so you will easily stand it until morning." Imogen returned. "However," she added, "I will release you on one condition."

"Well?" he questioned, sullenly.

"Give me the papers and swear that you will leave the country at once," the woman continued. "You have been a parasite on me for years—I have been a slave to your demands for money—to the fear that you would ruin me in the estimation of my friends, until I have become desperate. I am going to end it all at once and forever. I may as well, for I have no faith in you," she went on, her face and her voice hardening. "If I should yield to your demand and get the thousand pounds, I could not be sure that you would not return, when it was gone, and hold the same old threats over me. No, sir; I'm going to confess the whole story to Judge Ashburton, the first thing tomorrow; throw myself upon his mercy, save the good man who is suffering for your crime and let you suffer the penalty of your own sins, and for the misery that you have caused me for half a lifetime. There, now," she said, in conclusion, "you can take your choice—give me that package at once and go free—clear the country immediately, or remain where you are and meet the consequences tomorrow morning."

The detective was appalled by this unexpected denouement. He realized that she was desperate and determined—that he had driven her into a corner where she could not turn and, in so doing, had got himself into a bad scrape also.

He knew, but too well, what the consequence would be if he was arrested in that place and those important papers found upon his person, while whatever revenge he might take upon Imogen Ingraham would not change the fact that he would have to suffer to the extent of the law for his crime.

He fumed, and swore, and threatened, but all to no purpose; his captor was firm, and he knew the relentless tones of her voice—by a certain ring of triumph which he detected in them, that she had turned at last, like the proverbial worm, and would do her worst—that she would not spare him, and, if he did not come to her terms, transportation for a term of years, with a ball and chain for companions, would be the fate to which she would doom him, and glory in it.

"It is useless to parley," she said, when he panted. "I have had my say. You can push that envelope through the crack at the bottom of the door to me—fortunately it is wide enough—and the moment it is in a safe place beyond your reach, I will unlock this door and you may go free."

"How do I know that I may trust you? You may get it in your possession and then play me false," the detective opposed.

Imogen gave vent to a bitter laugh.

"Do not fear—do not be so suspicious," she said, with stinging sarcasm, "such a course would put me in an uncomfortable position; it would not be so easy then to prove you the thief that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)





BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

**Pigeons for Profit**

ROBABLY pigeons are the most neglected—or rather the most mismanaged—of all poultry on the general farm, yet they are most profitable if well cared for, and especially appropriate for the man who has to be away at work most of the day, or the woman with heavy household duties to occupy most of her time, because they won't overeat; food can be left before them all the time, and the parent birds take all the care of the young ones, so that an hour in the morning is about all that anyone need devote to pigeons every day in the week, with a few extra hours on Saturday to clean up.

There is really money in the business, if you are prepared to earn it. The people must understand that raising pigeons is a business requiring industry and management to make it a success. Unfortunately, a lot of nonsense has been written about pigeons and squab-raising. Lots of people have run away with the idea that all they have to do is to buy a few birds, throw in a little corn night and morning, and make a fortune. True, there is no heavy work to be done, and a good income can be made on a flocks of homers which are given intelligent care. A comfortable house is essential, and the best plan for a small flock is to build a regular chicken house and cover it all over with tar paper or anyone of the good roofing papers. The yard must be enclosed, of course, and should extend over the roof, and five or six feet above it, so the birds can alight on it when flying from end to end, and sun themselves (which they love to do) on a high, dry place. Put up two or three long perches at the end of the yard; a stand about three feet high in the center for a bathtub. Let the stand be a foot larger all round than the bath, so that the birds can light on it. The size of the house must depend, of course, on the quantity of birds you intend to keep. Just remember that each pair of old pigeons must have two nest boxes eleven inches square, with an earthenware pan in each. Nest boxes can cover the wall from floor to ceiling, so after it is fitted, it is easy to tell just how many birds a house can accommodate. The earthenware pans are called nappies, and are manufactured on purpose for pigeons. They can be bought at any supply store for five or ten cents each. There is a brown crockery dish about seven inches across and two deep, which is to be found in most five and ten cent stores, that answers very well if you can't get the real things in your immediate vicinity.

Now about feeding. Just throwing down cracked corn won't do. Variety in diet is necessary for birds' health as well as for man and beasts. It is wise to give the food question a little thought. Kafir corn, red wheat, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet, and hemp are all staple grains. Use whichever can be had cheapest in your vicinity, and alternate them whenever you can. We follow the rule recommended by W. E. Rice, a very successful pigeon-raiser:

Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn and wheat. Afternoon feed: cracked corn and Kafir corn. During the winter the proportions: Two parts cracked corn to one of wheat or Kafir corn. Regular feeds are always placed in a self-feeder, so that the birds can help themselves. Peas, millet, hemp and rice are good only as treats once or twice a week. They are fed in small quantities, and alone, because we found out that if mixed with other grains, the birds would pick out the dainties and throw out the grain or wheat.

Unless starved to it, pigeons will not eat grain that has been defiled by lying on the floor, so to prevent waste it is best to have a self-feeder, or at least some contrivance which prevents birds getting their head or feet into the supply and scattering it. The treats we feed by hand, and scatter on the floor, but if the birds are naturally eager for a novelty, it is picked up at once. Remember that white wheat is very likely to produce diarrhea, so always order red, and don't be tempted to use new grain of any sort, or corn exclusively, for if you do, your birds will surely be troubled with cancer. During the year, and especially in the early winter, I always receive

two or three dishes, so they can all get a chance to eat at once. Remove any that is left at the end of ten minutes. If it is not possible to get fresh liver, use one teaspoonful of beef meal, or any of the commercial meat preparations which are ground fine. Continue to scatter the dry grains three or four times a day. When they are four weeks old, give mash twice a day about 9 A. M. and 2 P. M., increasing the allowance of milk slightly; and if you have plenty of skim-milk, make cottage cheese and give it them as an extra once or twice a week.

From the fourth week, keep a pan containing grit and charcoal always before them. After they are six weeks old, increase the quantity of corn-meal in the mash, and correspondingly decrease the ground oats, until all corn-meal and no oats are being used. Also, stop steaming the clover, and mix it dry with the other ingredients; then moisten the mash with scalded milk in which suet has been boiled (one pound of chopped suet to four quarts of meal. Boil for fifteen minutes). Feed it three times a day—9 A. M., 12 M., and 3 P. M. The last two weeks before killing, omit all the dry grain; feed nothing but mash, made as before, only as soft as possible without being sloppy. Feed four times a day all they will eat up in ten minutes, but on no account leave food before them longer than that, or they will become satiated, and your object not be gained. Birds so pushed along should be plump and in really fine condition for market when from ten to twelve weeks old.

Should it be necessary to hold any of the birds over for a week or two, continue the rations given for the period between the fourth and sixth weeks, as it would not be safe to feed such heavy rations as are given for the last two weeks of the fattening process, for an indefinite period. As you will notice, our broilers are never given water to drink, but always scalded milk. It is done for a double reason; scalded milk checks any tendency to bowel trouble, the great scourge of chickenhood and is also a strong factor in making the flesh tender and juicy; but of course if you don't have milk you must substitute water.

**Correspondence**

C. H.—In your Nov. number, 1914, you give a subscriber advice for limberneck in fowls. The treatment you advise is in a dose of one teaspoonful turpentine, two tablespoonsfuls of sweet oil, and three of Castor oil. Did you mean to administer this dose to one fowl as one dose? As you say limberneck is caused by ptomaine poisoning, I suppose mine got the trouble by eating some bottled peas that had gone bad. I threw them out, never thinking that they would hurt the fowls. The very next morning nearly one dozen had the limberneck, and I lost nearly two dozen (all hens and pullets) within a few days.

A. I think there must have been some mistake. The proper dose for limberneck is one teaspoonful of oil of turpentine and one tablespoonful of sweet oil or Castor oil.

A. K.—You say that you only gave thirty birds one quart of scratch feed night and morning, but that they are very fat and don't lay. This is because they are not getting a well-balanced ration. Scatter half a pint of scratch feed in deep litter in the early morning, and about ten or eleven o'clock give a quart of mash composed of wheat bran, ground oats, ground corn and wheat middlings; equal parts of each. Add one tablespoonful of any of the commercial animal meals beef or bone. Mix thoroughly, and moisten just enough to make a crumbly mash. After a week, gradually increase the amount of animal food, until they are getting four tablespoonsfuls to each quart of mash. At noon, give them green stuff and another half pint of scratch feed. At night, whole corn; as much as they will eat clean in fifteen minutes. There is no necessity to use permanganate of potassium in the drinking water, except when you have an infectious disease to fight. Torn paper would not be at all practical as scratching material. Use dry leaves if you think that straw or hay is too expensive. It would not do to bury grain in dirt or sand, because it would be apt to get damp and sour.

P. E. R.—As I want to start raising chickens, and try and make a success, I shall ask you about my chicken coop. Size, seven by fourteen by seven feet high, gable ends, and I want to know what ventilation I should have in it. I shall have the chicken roosts two feet from floor, and on a level. How many hens will this coop hold?

A.—You could keep from twenty to twenty-five hens in the house, because you never have to keep poultry in during long periods of snow being on the ground, as we do in the East. I advise you to cover the window and door with muslin or wire netting, and provide muslin curtains to cover the netting in wet weather. This will provide plenty of fresh air without any ventilation system.

L. I.—I have been taking COMFORT for about a year and think it a grand paper. I have looked through its columns for a remedy for my chickens, but failed to find any, so am coming to you for advice. I have about fifty head of chickens, and mostly all Plymouth Rocks. They have something the matter with their necks and feet. Their knees and feet swell and crack open, and they can scarcely get about. We feed on cold scraps from the table and chopped corn. They also have a rattling noise in their throats. Their droppings are whitish-colored. They will stand and sleep, but eat heartily. Have lost three head lately.

A.—The whole flock must be in a very bad condition, and one which, I fear, you will have great difficulty in curing. Don't use any of their eggs for hatching this season. The birds must have hereditary rheumatism and ropy tendencies, which have developed in a



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L. W. M.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my turkeys? They have about three black sores on their heads and one yellow spot just inside the mouth. I have lost one turkey from this disease and have two others with it. The one I lost was in bad shape before I knew there was anything the matter with them. Since last issue of COMFORT I have been using permanganate of potassium for affected birds. The turkeys are healthy and active. They have a free range and plenty of green food, sand, gravel and fresh water. The two birds that are affected now are no better and no worse. I have been using the above remedy about twelve days. What must I do to prevent the spread of this disease? Have used sheep dip and copperas in their drinking water.

A.—Quarantine the sick birds or kill them, and take every means to keep the disease from spreading. Give each bird in the flock a spoonful of Castor oil. Read the poultry department in the March issue of COMFORT. It will give much of the information you want.

C. D.—Will you please let me know how long after being separated from the male bird eggs are fertilized or good for hatching? If it is the same period for ducks, geese or hens? A goose was given me on Dec. 24; now she is laying. Would like to know if her eggs are good to be hatched.

A.—I should not care to risk using eggs for hatching from hens which have been separated from the rooster for more than two weeks—or ducks either, and most certainly goose eggs could not be fertile.

M. B.—I would like to know what was the matter with my little ducks. They got so they could not stand on their feet; just sat around all the time, ate all the time, but could not walk. I feed wheat and ground corn. They have all the water and grit they want.

A.—Young ducks can't stand heavy ground feed. They should have mash made of equal parts of wheat bran, cut clover and ground oats, and all the green vegetables or grass they will eat. When overfed, and especially on corn, they invariably get leg weakness.

G. A. A.—Can you tell me what to do for my roosters' feet? They get so sore. Sometimes they can hardly walk. I think it is caused by jumping from their roost, and they are so heavy, too. (2) What kind of food is best to feed poultry to produce eggs? (3) What ought poultry to have to make their shells? Please describe plainly. (4) What part of grit is best for poultry, to digest their food? Is beat-up china good for poultry, if so, what, etc.? (5) Can you tell me what to feed little chicks on, and how to manage them? (6) What is best to feed little ducks on, and how to manage them? (7) And what is best to feed little guineas on and how to manage them? (8) Is charcoal good for poultry, if so, for what, and how ought it to be fixed and fed? Please describe plainly. What ought setting hens to have to eat? How often to feed? (10) Can you tell me how to get rid of chicken lice?

A.—Keep plenty of clean, soft hay on the floor of the chicken-house to prevent the roosters striking the hard floor when they jump off the perches. (2) Read answer to A. E. (3) Hens need lime both to make egg shells and to create bone in the chicks when the eggs are used for hatching. Wheat bran, clover and oats all contain lime, which goes to make bone and muscle in the embryo chick. But, for the shell, they should have a supply of land plaster or oyster shell always before them. (4) China or crockery that has been broken fine, or hard, sharp gravel of any sort. (5) Little chicks must have nothing to eat for thirty-six hours, and then hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, shell and all, mixed with an equal quantity of stale bread-crums. Feed five times a day, but give very little each time. After the fourth day, give chick food three times a day. (This is a mixture of finely cracked grains and small seeds, specially prepared and sold under the name of chickfeed), and two feeds of egg and bread-crums. Keep that up for three or four days, then give chopped egg, dry cottage cheese, crumbled, or liver slightly boiled and chopped fine, once a day, and chickfeed three times a day. Read about fattening young chickens in the first part of the department. (6) Read answer to M. B. (7) Feed the young guinea fowl just the same as young chickens. (8) Charcoal is very good for all poultry, and should be kept before

them all the time. For young chickens, it must be broken almost to a powder. For older birds it must be like cracked corn. It aids digestion, and keeps the crop and intestines sweet. (9) Setting hens should have whole corn, grit and water, left where they can get it whenever they get off the nest. (10) All poultry should be dusted with a good insect powder every other night for a week in the early spring; again in the fall; and all hens should be thoroughly dusted when they are given eggs to hatch, and again about three days before the chickens are expected. Clean out the henhouse, brood coops, etc., and give everything a coat of good fresh linewash. Add one ounce of crude carbolic acid to every gall of whitewash while it is still boiling. Paint the roosts and nest boxes, especially up in the cracks and joints, with sheep dip or any strong solution, every week all through the year; being careful, of course, that the hens don't get on to the perches whilst they are wet, as they might blister their feet.

A. U. R.—I have been reading your paper for three years, and have been watching for a remedy for my White Plymouth Rock chickens. They have free range, living on a farm with about ten acres of timber and grass; plenty of grit and oyster shell and pure water. They take sick about the first of May or June. They stretch their heads out on the ground and won't move unless you make them, and then they flap their wings and crawl. Their feathers are loose, and in two or three days they take white and green diarrhea, and then don't live more than two or three days after that. We try and burn all of them that die and kill some of them as soon as taken sick. I gave them copperas in their drinking water. That don't seem to help, so I don't know what to do. Some say it is limberneck. Mostly hens and pullets—not many roosters—take it. I have about thirty hens left, so would like to know a cure. Am afraid they will die this spring. They have a good clean henhouse, and I feed little corn and give them all the milk they will.

A.—Would say this was a case of poison of some sort. Do you use strong fertilizer on the land where the hens are liable to find it, or is there any foul water in the woods and pastures that they are likely to drink? Or it may be that you or your neighbors poison rats in the spring of the year, and the birds find dead carcasses. In any such cases as these, the safest plan is to administer a tablespoonful of Castor oil as soon as you notice any symptoms of illness. I should advise you to keep the fowls shut up during May and the early part of June.

J. L.—I have been taking COMFORT for a number of years, and have been reading your poultry talks. My sister and I have been trying the poultry business on a small scale. We have one half dozen Black Minorca hens and a rooster. These are pure stock. Also three dozen Buff Orpingtons with two cockerels. These are almost pure. We had thought of selling the baby chicks of the Buff, and raising the Minorcas until grown, then sell them as pure stock. How old is the best age to sell the baby chicks, and what is the price usually paid? How could one find customers for them? I know lots of people would rather buy them at that age, and then raise them to maturity. Which way do you think is the most profitable? To sell them when baby chicks or raise them until they weigh a couple of pounds? Also how would one find customers for the Black Minorcas? Would like to sell them for fancy prices, you know. They are extremely nice. Are such a showy, pretty chicken. Am sending you a stamped envelope for answer. Or do you never answer letters personally? I did not know.

A.—Baby chicks should be shipped as soon as hatched, because they need no food for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, and close confinement does not injure them during that period. The usual price for ordinary stock is from eight to ten cents each, and from fifteen to twenty cents for high bred stock. An advertisement in your local paper will be the best means for getting customers, and it should be inserted at least a month before you expect a hatch. It is usually difficult to get fancy prices for mature birds, unless the stock has gained a reputation at shows. Whether it is better to sell baby chicks or two-pound birds depends so entirely upon local conditions that I can't say which you will find the most profitable. It is against our rules to answer letters personally, though we do so occasionally when the case is urgent.

M. E.—Please read answer to G. A. A.

J. J.—I have two canaries, one male and one female. The male is five years old and the female is one year old. Please tell me if they will breed, as I heard that the male will not breed after he is three years old. Also please tell me what to feed young birds. CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.



OUTDOOR BROODER HEATED BY A LAMP. SUCH BROODERS ARE STORM PROOF AND WILL HOUSE FROM 75 TO 100 CHICKS.

letters asking why pigeons are afflicted with a strange disease in the throat and mouth, which looks like a cheesy growth; and it is for that reason that I caution you against the exclusive corn diet, for that is what caused the trouble, and often spoils the whole breeding season.

**Early Chickens**

Several readers wish to know how to care for incubator chicks in brooders, and how to fatten for market, so I will tell you our method of preparing broilers. Up to the tenth day they are fed like all other baby chicks, then as follows:

Steam some chopped clover hay—about a quart—and add one pint of coarse corn-meal, or a pint of ground oats, and half a small cupful of oiled liver which has been boiled for five minutes (raw liver is too strong for such young birds), but it should not be boiled more than the five minutes. Feed once a day at noon. Put the mash into

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# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle, as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Venetian Crochet Coat Set

**M**ATERIALS required: Ecru crochet cotton about as heavy as a small cord. A steel crochet hook which will carry it easily and yet small enough to make the work snug and firm.

Each of the motifs, leaves and grapes are made separately and then joined together, these being arranged on a perfectly fitting cotton collar of any desired shape.

## Large Square Motifs

For these motifs which form the sides of the collar and finish the under part of the cuffs begin by making a chain 21 sts., turn. 1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st., \* ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. in 3rd st., repeat from \* 3 times, making a row of 5 spaces. Ch. 5, turn. 2nd row.—1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on next d. c., repeat to end of row. Ch. 5, turn. Repeat 2nd row three times, forming a square of 5 holes or spaces each way. 6th row.—Ch. 1, 3 s. c., under first and second chains 2, 2 s. c. in third sp., ch. 6, turn. 1 s. c. in last s. c. made, forming a loop seen on side of square. Ch. 1, turn and work 3 s. c., under ch. 6, ch. 4, sl. st. to last s. c., this forms 1 p., ch. 4, 1 p., ch. 4, 1 p., ch. 4 all under ch. 6, 1 s. c. in same sp., 3 s. c. in next sp., 7 s. c. in corner sp. Repeat on 3 sides, finishing with 3 s. c. in last sp., join with sl. st.

7th row.—Ch. 7, 1 sl. st. in first p. Ch. 8, 1 sl. st. in third p., ch. 7, 1 sl. st. in corner of square. Repeat around the three other corners.

8th row.—Under ch. 7, work 3 s. c., ch. 4 for p., 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. Under ch. 8 make an extra p. Under ch. 7, same as first ch. 7. Repeat around the three corners.

For the small square motif, of which only two are required, ch. 15, and proceed as for the large square, but making only 3 rows of 3 spaces each. Finished with 3 s. c. in each sp., and 1 p., on each side and 1 p. in each corner.

For the round motif, 2 of which will be seen on each side of the collar, begin in the center, make a loop around your finger with end of thread toward you, and on this loop work 7 s. c., joining last to 1st with sl. st. Draw up the end of thread very firmly so there is no hole left in the center.

2nd row.—Ch. 1, 2 s. c. in each s. c. of last row, closing with a sl. st. The work should be done snugly, taking into both loops of stitch to avoid a rib.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, \* a s. c. in 1st stitch, 2 in next and repeat around, joining to 1st stitch.

4th row.—Ch. 6, sk. 2 s. c., fasten with a sl. st., in next; repeat around the circle, making 8 loops.

5th row.—In each loop work 3 s. c., 1 picot, 3 s. c., and fasten off.

The grapes, of which there are 7 clusters or bunches of 8 grapes each, are made like center of wheel until you have completed the 3rd row. Proceed as follows:

1st row of grapes.—Ch. 1, 1 s. c. in each s. c.

5th row.—1 s. c. in every other s. c. of previous row.

6th row.—Same as 5th row.

Cut thread 2 inches long and pull through last stitch; now draw up both threads very firmly and tie securely, stuffing ends into grape. To form the bunches sew 6 grapes around a center grape, and the 8th between any 2 of the circles.

For the leaves, proceed as follows:

Ch. 16, sk. 1 st., 14 s. c. in 14 sts., 3 in last st., 14 s. c. on other side. \* ch. 2, turn 15, taking up the back loop only to form ridge, 3 s. c. in 2nd of 3 widening sts., 14 s. c., down other side. This leaves a little point for center of leaf. Repeat until you have 4 points or ribs on each side of the center, and end the leaflet at the bottom. Make 2 leaves more in the same way, crocheting the others to this one to within 5 stitches from the last point. For the stem fasten your thread into the end of one of the side petals, chain 32, and fasten in the same place. On this double chain make 30 s. c., pushing your stitches very close together, and having the last one in the loop of the chain to hold them on; ch. 1, turn, and work with singles back to the beginning, fastening into the ends of the other 2 leaflets or petals. By pushing the fullness to end of stem it will curve nicely; sew to curve in stem to keep in position.

The piece at the neck is 18 inches long, and is made as follows:

1st row.—Ch. 172 stitches, make a picot of last 4 stitches, and on the remaining 168 make 6 s. c., picot of ch. 4, repeat all along the line, ending with a picot, which will be the 29th of the row, turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 2, a single on other side of ch.

mercerized cotton, but if a rather fine crochet cotton is used the directions as given will result in a yoke of about 40 inches.

Begin at opening in front of yoke, by making a chain of 80 stitches.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 8th st. from needle, 1 d. c. in each next 2 sts. \* Ch. 7, 1 s. c., in next 6th st., repeat from \* 9 times making 10 chains of 7 sts. Ch. 7, 1 d. c., in next 6th sts., 1 d. c., in each next 2 sts. Ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—3 d. c. on d. c. Ch. 3, 1 s. c., under ch. 7, ch. 7, 1 s. c. under next ch. repeat making 4 ch. 7, ch. 5, 8 d. c. under next ch., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under next \* ch. 7, 1 s. c., repeat from \* 3 times making 4 ch. 7, ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. under ch. Ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 1, \* a s. c. on each treble, 3 s. c., picot, 3 s. c. under ch. 6, 2 d. c. in 2 trebles, 3 s. c. under next ch., then a triple picot (consisting of 3 picots of ch. 4, fastened in same place, one after the other), 3 s. c. under same ch. 6, and repeat from \*, alternating the single with triple picots, and ending with a single picot. This gives 15 single and 14 triple picots.

Baste this neckpiece and motifs on your pattern, placing them face down, and fasten neatly with thread and needle. They may be joined as the work proceeds, but if one is a beginner it will be found much easier to get the collar to lie smoothly and fit perfectly if put together as suggested. The spaces between the center bunch of grapes and the wheel motifs each side, also between these and the wheels toward points of collar, are filled in by small sections of picoted chains similar to those described in 3rd row of neckpiece.

Fasten in top of center bunch of grapes ch. 1, 2 tr. c. in single 1 of neckpiece ch. 6, 1 s. c. in stem of leaf, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in point of leaf, ch. 3, 1 sl. st., 1 p. of round motif, ch. 3, 1 sl. st. in 3rd single p. of neckpiece, turn, work singles under ch. to center ch. 6, make 1 triple p., joining center p. to center p. of triple p. of neckpiece, singles, 1 triple p. joined to neck triple p. under neck ch. 6, fasten. Fill other spaces in like manner. The stems of the grapes may be either a chain of requisite length, or put in with needle and thread, carrying the thread across and back to make 3 strands, then twist or wind these closely and evenly, and fasten off.

## The Cuffs

The cuffs are composed of one leaf, 1 bunch of grapes and 2 large square motifs. Join the squares as in the collar, by the 6 picots, and sew the grapes between the 2 petals of the leaf. Fill in between the upper picots of the square and the top of the leaf with a "spider-web" arrangement of chains: Fasten in at the upper picot of square, ch. 32, fasten to 1st point of upper petal of leaf, turn, (ch. 8, sk. 7, fasten in next stitch) 4 times, forming 4 loops, each of which is filled with (4 s. c., picot) repeat twice, 4 s. c. for the finish at the top of cuff. From the picot where the ch. 32 started ch. 10, thread over 5 times, catch in next picot below and work off the stitches 2 at a time as in making a treble; repeat this long stitch (quintuplet treble) in each of next 2 picots below, over 3 times and work in corner of leaflet, over twice, and work in side of stem, where it curves, over 5 times and catch in 24th of ch. 32, where 3rd loop is fastened; catch all these together, forming a close center, then ch. 8, fasten in 16th stitch of ch. 32, make a double treble in top of leafstem, ch. 10, catch in side of other leaf-petal, and fasten off. The number of times the thread is put over should be graduated according to the space, to make the bars of the spiderweb of proper length. Make the other cuff in same way, but for the opposite side.

This is a very rich-looking and handsome set, elaborate in appearance but not at all difficult to make. The motifs may be used in making handbags, pillow-covers, and many other articles.

## Wild Rose Yoke

By Mrs. Wertman

The directions as given are for the yoke of a corset cover, for a woman of 48 inches bust measure, or even larger. But the same design can easily be made in any size yoke, for either woman or child by turning a corner in the insertion sooner, according to the directions and as illustrated.

This yoke was crocheted of medium coarse

6th row.—3 d. c., chs. 10 d. c., over 6 d. c., making 2 extra on either side. Ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 14 d. c. Ch. 5, 10 d. c., over 6 d. c. Finish row as usual.

7th row.—3 d. c., chs. 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. Ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. Ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., before the doubles. 1 d. c., on each d. c., ch. 5, skip 1 ch. and make 1 s. c. on second d. c., now a clones knot made as follows: Ch. 3 (thread over the needle, bring up a loop around the chain close to the needle), repeat four times, thread over needle and draw through all the loops on the needle. This makes a knot, now. Ch. 2, 1 s. c., on second last d. c. of petal. This detail of Clones Knot will not be given again.

Ch. 5, 1 d. c., on each d. c. of petal, and 4 under next ch. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. Ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., on end. Ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—3 d. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., under ch. before petal. Ch. 5, sk. 4 d. c., 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. A Clones knot made with ch. 3, the knot then ch. 2, 1 sl. st., under knot in previous row, (make it in the thread that holds the knot together.) A Clones knot, fastens on next ch. 5, ch. 5, from the 3rd d. c., make 12 d. c., on the petal; ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

10th row.—3 d. c., 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 3 clones knots, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) twice Ch. 5, 1 d. c., on second d. c. of petal, ch. 2, 1 d. c. on next 3rd d. c.; ch. 2, 1 d. c., on last d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c.; 4 clones knots, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in first d. c. of petal, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in third d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

12th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 2 chs. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., over 14 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, sk. over petal. Finish as usual.

13th row.—3 d. c., chs. 7, then ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 16 d. c., ch. 5. \* Finish with chs. 7 as usual

14th row.—3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

15th row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., before the petal, 12 d. c. and 2 d. c. on the other side, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under knot, 1 knot, ch. 5, 2 d. c. before petal, 12 d. c., 4 d. c. on other side, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

16th row.—3 d. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., 12 d. c., ch. 5, start last petal by making 8 d. c. in a row. Thus 2 under ch. 5, 2 before knot, 2 after knot, under ch. 5, ch. 5. Begin on third double next petal and make 12 d. c. in a row. ch. 5, 1 s. c., \* ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

17th row.—3 d. c., 2 chs. 7, ch. 5, 6 d. c., over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 14 over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 6 d. c., over 8 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. \* Finish row as usual.

18th row.—3 d. c., made chs. Sk. over petal with last \* ch. 7, 1 s. c. in next space, ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 14 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, sk. over petal. Finish as usual.

19th row.—3 d. c., chs. 7, then ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 16 d. c., ch. 5. \* Finish with chs. 7 as usual

20th row.—3 d. c., chs. as usual, \* ch. 5, then 8 d. c., over 12. Finish as usual.

21st row.—3 d. c., 11 chs. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn.

22nd row.—3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., 10 chs. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 5, turn. Repeat 21 and 22 rows twice for network between the roses. Begin next rose at second or even row.

Detail of miter corner on the decrease.

1st row.—Work the 13th row to the \* and then turn.

2nd row.—Three s. c. on 3 doubles; ch. 3 and 1 s. c. Begin at \* on 14th row and work to end.

3rd row.—Work 15th row to \* then turn.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at \* on 16th row and work to end.

5th row.—Work the 17th row to the \* then turn.

6th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at \* in the 18th row and work to the end.

7th row.—Work the 19th row to the \* then turn.

8th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 5. Begin at \* on the 20th row and work to end.

9th row.—The rose is finished now, so the pattern will be worked to a point with a network of chs. of 7. Begin with ch. 5, 3 d. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 8 times. The last ch. 7 passes over the petal. Turn

10th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. in center of space; (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) 5 times; ch. 3, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

&lt;p

# A New Memorial Day

## Dedication of Confederate Monument in National Cemetery

By Edna Mary Colman

The impressive ceremonies which attended the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead in the National Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, typify the new national spirit that animates our people throughout the land. The event is of mighty significance and marks an epoch in the history of our country.

That the South has wished, and Congress willingly granted permission, to place this monument where it stands shows that the sectional misunderstanding, distrust and animosity which caused the war are buried by both sides forever in the graves that hallow this consecrated ground.

Among the orators was General Gardner, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., delegated to assist in these memorial exercises, which were made national in character by President Wilson's participation. The former foes in war vied here in eloquent expressions of mutual respect, friendship and esteem.

Impartially the nation mourns the dead heroes of the Civil War and accords their memory the honors due to brave men regardless of the cause for which they sacrificed their lives.

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**T**HE thirtieth day of May, this year, will witness a scene unparalleled in the history of any nation, for in the great National Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington, bordering the Potomac opposite Washington, there will be a united decoration of all graves and impartial honor paid to the memory of all soldiers buried there without discrimination as to whether it was the stars and stripes or the stars and bars that they fought under.

The massive monument to the memory of the twenty-one hundred and eleven unknown Union soldiers whose bodies gleaned from the field of battle rest in nameless, but not forgotten graves, will share its measure of loving attention with the new Confederate monument dedicated on the fourth day of last June. Laurel wreaths and flags will be placed alike on both, and all services conducted in honor of the dead of the great silent city will include impartially all who have found a last resting place under the majestic trees on the green slopes of Arlington, once the historic estate of the famous Custis and Lee families.

With the unveiling of this superb bronze monument in honor of the Confederate dead in the hallowed precincts of the National Cemetery, the last link was forged in the chain of fraternity that binds together the North and the South. And the participation in the ceremonies of the veterans of both the Blue and the Gray but add to the strength of the tie. This monument is the most unique in the world's history, erected in a government cemetery to the memory of the Southern soldiers who fought the government in the war between the states.

Not only is this a monument to the gray-clad followers of the lost cause, but it is the visualized expression of the grandeur of American

greet each other in fun, and many a battle was fought over and many a camp-fire story told, but with a sort of detachment as though the narrators had not been participants but only onlookers. A few rows back, two old men were in earnest conversation and a sentence that was wafted over the confusion of the moment gave the solution to the whole occasion to any who may still have been in doubt:

"Yes, I'm here. My boy lies over there, killed in the Philippines and I buried my bitterness in his grave."

One vigorous gray veteran leaped up when General Bennett Young, of Louisville, Kentucky, came upon the platform, and gave the famous rebel yell once, then he looked around with scorn upon his nearby comrades and said: "Get up there, you fellows, salute your old commander!" When the "yell" had been given with a will and the last echo died away in the muttering thunder of the approaching storm, a deliberate voice called out: "Say, Johnny, there was plenty times you all were too busy running to do much yelling." Once more the Grays rose to the occasion with a lightning retort, "Yip, and there was plenty times when you all did the tallest running of your lives when you heard that yell, and that's why you happen to be here now." Like boys, in their delight in chasing and joking these battle-scarred heroes, many of them tense with the emotion of the inspiring scene, seemed imbued with the desire to let the whole throng share the joy of their reunion. Reminiscences of hardships, hair-raising experiences, and tales of great exploits were exchanged in a serio-comic fashion for the benefit of surrounding listeners.

Here were assembled, the highest officials in the land, the President, Cabinet Officers, Senators, Supreme Court Justices, foreign diplomats, widelyed with astonishment over the sentiment of such a ceremonial and distinguished personages from all over the United States. Fluttering in

the wind was right, that the President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, should have the honor of presenting it to the Nation. Also a happy coincidence that the President of the United States who accepted it in the name of a reunited nation as a pledge both of civil peace and a guarantee of inseparable union, should claim the South as his birthplace and the North as his residence and place of education.

Every step in the impressive program emphasized the spirit of the occasion, the union of the North and the South in honoring together the soldiers of both Federal and Confederate armies, who, even while fighting, shared their food and drink and in death sleep side by side in the nation's cemetery. Hence, both General Washington Gardner of Albion, Michigan, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and General Bennett Young of Louisville, Kentucky, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, sat side by side on the platform, and they in turn, as spokesmen for the great armies participants in the most desperate and tragic war the world has ever seen, told of the depth of reunion that has bound them together to stand shoulder to shoulder against all the world for country's sake.

While these, the leaders of the Blue and the Gray, gave voice to their peans of peace from the same platform, the veterans of both armies mingled together and gave the stamp of truth to the words of their commanders.

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General Gardner left nothing to be desired in the manner in which he grasped the hand of fellowship extended across the battle-fields of the war and responded to the sentiments expressed. He emphasized the idea of the memorial thus: "There is room in the hearts of the people of all of the land for cherished recollections of the valorous dead, and, at the same time, for the most unflattering love and loyalty and devotion to the Union of all of the states. Without the existence of the former we should be disposed to doubt the sincerity or steadfastness of the latter.

"The Holy City" was then rendered as a coro solo.

Colonel Robert E. Lee, Jr., son of the Confederate General, followed in a masterly oration, which delivered in splendid vibrating tones, reached and enthralled every eager listener. Colonel Lee's personality would keep any audience in rapt attention, but upon this occasion his very presence upon this spot, adding his plea for devotion to the one flag and his eulogies to the dead of both sides, within sight of his ancestral home, made an appeal to the sensibilities of his hearers, such as few orators are ever able to accomplish and, from the first word he uttered to his inspiring rendition of the flag poem, he had the closest attention and the most rousing applause. Colonel Lee's whole address seemed inspired and the message that he gave must surely go down in history in company with other deathless oratorical appeals for the inspiration of posterity.

Colonel Lee termed the Civil War, "The Great American Paradox, a quarrel in which both sides were right. The North had no doubt about her position and the South knew she was right. Strange spectacle this, that even the sledge hammer of time could have welded such diametrically opposed positions and yet not strange when we consider the justice, patriotism and greatness of the whole American people."

Colonel Hilary A. Herbert, president of the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association, who was Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's administration, summed up the history of the Monument in his speech. It is to Colonel Herbert's energy and unflinching persistence, that this project was carried through to such a magnificent consummation. But it is to the soldier president, William McKinley, that honor should primarily be given, since he gave expression to the following sentiments at Atlanta, in 1898, just after the Spanish War, in which the South had shouldered her full share of fighting.

President McKinley then said: "And the time has now come, in the evolution of public sentiment, under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity, we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

Two years later, on motion of Senator Hawley of Connecticut, an act was passed to gather into one section of the National Cemetery, the bodies of all Confederate soldiers then scattered around through this district. So the Confederate soldier found a place in Arlington, and in 1906 Secretary of War Taft gave permission for the erection of the monument and an organization for that purpose was effected among Southerners in the District of Columbia. After a year's work the Daughters of the Confederacy took up the



Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

AT THE MOMENT OF UNVEILING WHEN THE WHITE DIAPERS OPENED AT THE BUGLE CALL  
see Title Page Illustration.

character, for nowhere else on the face of the earth lives there a nation with so wonderful a conception of magnanimity nor so true a sense of honor and justice. That within the space of the passing of a generation, the enemies in the gigantic conflict, that laid a million of its choice manhood in untimely graves, should meet in unity and harmony, and clasp hands in friendship over the graves of their fallen comrades, is only possible because both sides were Americans.

On that memorable day of last June which none who were privileged to be present will ever forget, in the warm sunlight of the glorious summer afternoon, the expectant crowds gathered in the big city of the dead, and stepped lightly and reverently between the little stones that mark the twenty thousand graves.

In the section where the confederate soldiers are buried, rows upon rows of chairs were placed, many of them resting against the time-stained stones that, in few brief words, told of the soldier's answer to the last roll call. Not a desecration but a benediction was this, for the feet that thus trod over the green turf above the sacred dust, came in honor such as no flags nor flowers had ever brought in their wake.

"Johnny Reb" in faded gray sat side by side with the white-haired, stoop-shouldered "Yanks," and each held the starry banner of the other side. Once, midst a lull in the musical selections of the band, a thin, tired old voice sang out with eager spirit, "Hi there, Johnny Reb, you are taking mighty good care of that old flag today." The grizzled veteran in blue had spied a gray-clad soldier supporting the Union flag so carefully that, despite its size and the best efforts of the willful afternoon breeze, not a fold touched the ground. Quick as a flash came his answer with equal spirit, "You bet I am, Yank, she's my flag now, though I've seen the day I'd have dragged her in the dirt." Such was the spirit that hovered over the people and the place, as a most propitious prelude to the exercises that were soon to follow.

"Johnny Rebs" and "Yanks" took delight in calling over the intervening rows of spectators to

the breezes, their folds entwining were the flags of the states, the flag of the confederacy and the Stars and Stripes. Dixie and Yankee Doodle broke forth on the summer air and saluted each other and then gave place to the Star Spangled banner while khaki clad soldiers, of a younger generation, sons of both sections ushered the wearers of the Blue and the Gray to advantageous seats.

Above the tramp of many feet and the confusion of the great throng the old melodies of the Southland and the Northland, from the Fort Myer band, stirred old memories and brought the flush of pride and the straightening up shoulders bent with the weight of the years that have passed, while unconsciously canes and crutches beat a subdued accompaniment.

A scene without parallel and set apart in the life history not only of a nation but of the world.

No poet ever had sublimed theme for song or story, no artist greater inspiration for his brush, and posterity can have no grander example of Christian ideals, than unfolded in the incidents of that eventful afternoon. Pathos heavy with tragedy and sorrows brought fresh to mind, human interest running the whole gamut of the emotions, honor and devotion burying forever the stings of the past, wove together the last broken strands of sectional differences into a superb mantle of fraternal unity, consecrated by sacrifice made invulnerable to the world by its baptism of mingled tears, to stand forever a star jewelled armor and shield behind which forty-eight states stand as one.

While the 5th Cavalry Band played its beautiful and appropriate selections, thousands of people, men and women who lived through the anguish of that war, their children and grandchildren, with scores of veterans and their friends, gathered around the white swathed statue contributed by the women of the South, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Most fitting, it was, that this gift, consecrated to the devotion and sacrifice of the Southern women who sent their loved ones into battle for what they be-

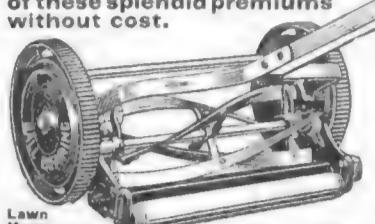
# Easily Earned

We Give You Your Choice of These Articles for Selling a Few Boxes of Our Fine Toilet Soap

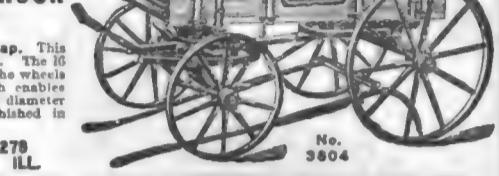
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Kindly send me \_\_\_\_\_ boxes of Toilet Soap and Premium No. \_\_\_\_\_ at 50 cents a box and send you \$\_\_\_\_\_ within 30 days, keeping the premium as my reward.

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P. O. \_\_\_\_\_  
Street address or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
No. 1 \_\_\_\_\_ Give references here  
No. 2 \_\_\_\_\_

I agree to sell the soap within 30 days, keeping the premium as my reward.

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task and for years the joint committees labored untiringly to accumulate the funds necessary. In 1913 the corner stone was laid, President Taft participating, and then the question of a sculptor had to be settled. Among the world famous artists there happened to be one, a Virginian and a Confederate soldier, who in 1864 was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute and rendered distinguished service at the battle of New Market. This was Sir Moses Ezekiel, who in the years following the close of the Civil War had found fame, fortune, and even title, abroad, through his art, as Queen Margherita of Italy knighted him. To him the committee turned with the hope that the traditions of the land of his birth would draw from his art that which they desired the statue to express, and he succeeded far beyond their hopes for his statue is superb in conception and inspiring in effect.

"There it stands," Colonel Herbert exclaimed. "Pedestal and all in bronze. Its leading idea is honor to the dead, and peace everlasting, among the living. The heroic-sized figure with her right hand holding a laurel wreath to crown the dead, her left resting on a plowshare, on which is a sickle, is the South. In the figures around the pedestal: every phase of life in the Confederacy is typified. The young wife buckling on her husband's sword, the blacksmith forging his own weapon, the father parting from his child in the arms of its old mammy—and prominently may be noted a stricken figure leaning on the Constitution for support."

Colonel Herbert paid a glowing tribute to the old Constitution and instructed Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens to hand the monument over to the head of the government to be cared for by it forever.

Then came the dramatic moment of the day, when at a word from Colonel Herbert, his eleven-year-old grandson, Paul Herbert McElroy, who had been selected for the unveiling ceremony, twirled a cord that opened the white draperies around the peerless statue. As they fell away, to the notes of the bugle call, and the magnificent work of bronze stood revealed in all of the warm rich beauty that brilliant sunlight can bring forth from gleaming metal

# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## How About Your Waist?

**I**HAVE discovered a secret, members of the Pretty Girls' Club!—that most of us would put up with pudgy ankles, and corns, and chilblains, and even hair that was not all we desired to have it, and perhaps a freckle or two on the bridge of our noses, if we could only have a pretty and supple waist, and shoulders and bust that complied with all the laws of beauty.

Tell the truth, now!—is there one of you who doesn't long for a pretty waist and graceful shoulders? Of course not! So what we are going to do, this month, is to get to work and make our waists and shoulders over a little nearer to our heart's desire.

A pretty waist is one which is neither shaped like an hour-glass nor overlaid with fat. It should be supple, so that the body bends gracefully, and gives the suggestion and buoyancy of lightness with every movement.



DEVELOPING A PRETTY WAIST. FIG. 1.

If this effect is to be achieved, the waist must be given daily and systematic exercise, so the muscles may lose all stiffness, and any surplus fat be disposed of. Strange as it may seem, the same waist exercise will reduce a fat waist and build up a too thin one. This is because exercise sets the blood circulating healthfully, and healthy circulation means normal conditions.

Therefore, whether you be thick-waisted or as thin as thin can be, practise the following exercise conscientiously for five minutes, night and morning:

### To Reduce or Build up Waist

Take a deep breath, then, standing with heels together, chin up, shoulders slightly back, place hands on hips, thumbs toward the back, fingers forward. Now, without bending the knees, bend forward from the waist as far as you can without undue strain, expelling the breath slowly as you do so. Return to upright position, rest a moment, then bend backward at the waist (Fig. 1), inhaling as you do so. The knees will have to bend for this movement. Bend as far as possible; then return to position, exhaling.

With each day's practise of this exercise, you will find the waist grow in suppleness and will be able to bend farther and farther in either direction. The carriage of the body will be immensely improved in a short time as well as the symmetry and suppleness of the waist.

Another excellent exercise which will not only help you to acquire a pretty waist, but beautifully molded hips, should be included in your morning and evening practise hour; but allow a few minutes' rest between the different exercises:

### For Graceful Hips and Waist

Standing as before, advance the right foot twice its length, or a little more. It should be a good long step in front of the other foot. Now, lift the arms above the head, palms out, the sides of thumbs touching, and with a quick movement throw the arms out and down to touch the floor at the side of the left foot. Do not bend the left knee, although the right may be slightly bent. Now, resume the upright position, breathing in as you do so. Repeat, expelling the breath as you throw the arms out and down, drawing it in as you rise. After a couple of minutes, change the position of the feet, putting the left foot forward, and throwing the arms to the side of the right foot.

I can confidently assure my girls that if they will give this stingy little ten minutes night and morning to the work of remodelling the waist which isn't just as they would like, that they will both look and feel like new persons inside of a month.

Let me whisper a secret!—this will work almost as much of a miracle in your complexion as your figure, as it will set the eliminative and assimilative organs working away like good industrious servants.

Of course, we won't be satisfied to just stop at waists and hips, will we, girls? We have those shoulders to think of, for I am quite sure we are of one mind on this subject, and that everyone of us would like gracefully rounded shoulders, with no hollows and no thick little cushions of fat. Very well, then, we must get to work and add another five minutes to our morning boudoir exercises!

### For Symmetry of Shoulders

Standing as before, stretch the arms out in front on a line with the shoulders and parallel to each other. Now, close the fingers in a half fist, bend the elbows quickly, and jerk the shoulders back (Fig. 2), being careful not to let the elbows drop below the level of the shoulders. As you bring the arms out in front of you again, draw in a deep breath, and expel this gradually as you jerk back the shoulders.

This exercise is excellent for the girl who is flat-chested or has weak lungs—and she will be delighted to know, that in building up her lungs she will be enlarging her chest walls and this in time will add an inch or two to her bust measurement.

After a week of this exercise, substitute another one whose object is to teach the shoulders to carry the head lightly and gracefully, and to strengthen the muscles of neck and shoulders which have this work to do. This might be called a lazy girl's exercise, since it can be taken lying on the floor.

### Exercise for Graceful Carriage of Head

Lie flat on the stomach, with elbows bent and at right angles to the shoulders, arms folded under the chest. Now, press hard against the floor with the folded arms, and lift head and neck. Do not throw head back, but keep chin drawn down toward the neck and merely lift neck, head and all without tilting head at all. Do not lift the body from the floor—only the neck and head. Now, relax all muscles and rest, then repeat; relax, repeat, from eight to ten times.

Does fifteen minutes, night and morning, girl, seem like an awful lot of time to spend? Well, let me tell you something! When we get to be thirty, those fifteen minutes will have kept you young and fresh; if you have not had them, you will begin to wish woefully that you had been wise enough to take Time by the forelock and make him behave himself while it was still possible.

Isn't it possible at thirty? Well, yes—it is! And at forty and at fifty, even! For we can do lots of remodeling at any age. But if we are wise enough to begin it at eighteen, we need never have creaky joints, or ungainly shoulders, or pudgy waists, or fat double chins. "A stitch in time saves nine"—and a few minutes' daily exercise keeps away many bugaboos of beauty, while lending grace and suppleness to every movement of the body and building up the figure into one attractive whole.

Just let that thought sink into your minds, won't you, little maids of mine? And let's be as pretty as we can, as long as we can—and that's almost to the very end of all the years which make up a happy life.

I'm counting on you to practise every exercise faithfully and joyously every day of the coming month—and the months that are to follow.

And I'm not going to be disappointed, am I?

### Answers to Questions

**C**ountry Lassie.—Do you brush your hair sufficiently? If it is oily near the scalp but brittle elsewhere, probably you do not brush it enough to get the oil distributed. Give the hair one hundred strokes every night, the way our grandmothers used to do. The soap jelly shampoo is the best for you, but be very careful about rinsing. If you leave any soap in the hair, it causes dandruff and makes the hair harsh and dry. The best thing for your scalp is massage. Every night, before going to bed, let down the hair, then, slipping the fingers in next to the scalp, press them firmly and move the skin back and forth on the skull. Do not move the fingers back and forth on the skin, but instead let them move the skin. Do this all over the head, every night. It makes the scalp healthy. Then follow by brushing the hair. Are you using curling irons? Stop it at once, if you are, as they dry up the hair. And how is your general health? Your hair cannot be healthy if your body is underweight or if you are at all rundown. Feed and care for the body well, and be sure the eliminative functions are working properly, if you want healthy hair.

**B**rown Eyes.—Yes, the soap you mention will be all right for the Epsom Salts paste; and you should take a morning bath as usual, after having used the paste the night before.

**E. M. B.**—Lonesome Girl. Waits Walla, F. B.—The Portugal Bust tonic is made by boiling two oranges for four hours in ten ounces of olive oil in a double boiler. Thereafter a piece of orange should be rubbed lightly over the breast at night, using a circular motion, and continuing for several minutes.

**I**nes.—Yes, peroxide and ammonia will remove superfluous hair. If the skin feels a little irritated from it at any time, rub in some cold cream, and stop the treatment for a couple of days, regaining again. If the skin is very sensitive you can dilute the ammonia. If your mole is fat you may try salicylic acid and moisten with alcohol or glycerine and apply to the mole for half an hour. These applications, with some days between, sometimes removes a small flat mole. For a fleshy protuberant mole, tie a thread tight around the base. It will blacken and finally, after some days, fall off.

**N. W.**—I am sorry I cannot answer your letter by mail. Scrub the face with hot soapy water and a camel's-hair complexion brush every night before retiring, using Castle or any other pure toilet soap. Be careful to rinse the face thoroughly, as soap left on injures the skin. Any good cold cream is satisfactory for massage. Here is a formula for the Orange-flower Skin Food:

### Orange-Flower Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoanut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle,



AN EFFECTIVE SHOULDER EXERCISE. FIG. 2.

Standing as before, stretch the arms out in front on a line with the shoulders and parallel to each other. Now, close the fingers in a half fist, bend the elbows quickly, and jerk the shoulders back (Fig. 2), being careful not to let the elbows drop below the level of the shoulders. As you bring the arms out in front of you again, draw in a deep breath, and expel this gradually as you jerk back the shoulders.

This exercise is excellent for the girl who is flat-chested or has weak lungs—and she will be delighted to know, that in building up her lungs she will be enlarging her chest walls and this in time will add an inch or two to her bust measurement.

# Cornish Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?

Will Be Sent to You For a Year's Trial

More than 250,000 people have made a big saving on a high-grade piano and a first-class organ in purchasing by the Cornish plan—and so can you. We offer to send you an instrument, freight paid if you wish, with the understanding that if it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can find elsewhere at very much more than we ask, you may at any time within a year send it back at our expense, and we will return any sum that you may have paid on it, so that the trial will cost you absolutely nothing—you and your friends to be the judge and we to find no fault with your decision.

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Take Three Years To Pay If Needed. The Cornish Plan, in brief, makes the maker prove his instrument and saves you the tidy sum that other manufacturers of high-grade instruments must charge to protect their dealers and agents.

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It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high-grade organ or piano anywhere on earth at as attractive a price. You should have this important information before making your selection. Write for it today and please mention Dept. C. T.



**Cornish Co. Washington, N. J.** Established over 50 Years

**Poultry Farming for Women**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

Should they be together when the female is setting? I have read *COMFORT* for ten years.

A.—I have used a male canary for breeding when seven years old. The birds should be kept together, because the male bird assists in caring for the young ones. From the time your old birds pair, feed a little mash every day, made of hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, stale bread-crumbs, and boiled oats ground fine. Just moisten this with milk which has been scalded, or with beaten egg. After the little ones are hatched, give mash twice a day, and add a little water to it. Boil the rags for a few minutes, then rinse through cold water and allow to dry. The corner of the cage where the nest is situated should be partly covered with a piece of baile or cloth, as in setting bird dislikes the full light. If you are using a large breeding cage, it is well to have two nest boxes, as the hen often starts to build a second nest when the first hatches in about fifteen days old. Canary eggs take fourteen days to incubate. The youngsters can be removed to a separate cage when four weeks old.

H. M. B.—At what temperature will a fowl's comb and wattles freeze, and what causes the fluff to disappear and leave that part of the pullet bare? Mine are the American Dominique, and I have several of them that are that way, but all appear healthy and are first-class.

A.—Fowl's comb and wattles may freeze at any temperature below the freezing point. Large comb fowls which are shut up in close houses at night are especially susceptible to frosty winds in the early morning. If you notice a bird with a frozen comb, put it in a room which will warm up slowly, and where the direct rays of the sun cannot strike it, and if there is snow on the ground, hold a little of it on the comb and wattles, so that renewal of circulation is very slow. If you don't happen to notice the birds until the swelling has set in, confine it in a coop or room, and then rub with the following ointment: Three tablespoonfuls of vaseline, one tablespoonful of glycerine, and half a teaspoonful of turpentine. If used at once and persistently, it will usually prevent the birds losing the frozen parts.

**REAL PEARLS**

Pearls of your desire (not imitations) are here placed in your reach. Order No. 64 Scarpin \$10.00 if not satisfactory. Worn by Society. value \$150. Scarpin is 14k solid gold—\$9.00 (regular value \$100). Ring is 14k. gold—\$15. (regular value \$180). Free booklet with reasons for such values.

**1/10 Price**

**10 Days Free Trial. Send Me Your Hair Switch on Approval.** Send back the hair and I will send you a switch made in 22 in. short stem hairpins. Have switch wavy or straight. A bargain. Return it in 10 days or sell it and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 50 postage. Write today for free beauty book of names of hair dressing, hair goods and ostrich feathers. **W. M. F.** Dept. 101, 230 So. State St., Chicago, Illinois. **AGENTS WANTED**

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**

Glosses and beautifies the hair. Encourages growth. Never fails to restore grey hair to its youthful color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**BEAUTY EVERY WOMAN'S BIRTHRIGHT**

You can be beautiful if you try. Our book explains fully. It is FREE. Write to-day. **EMM MFG. & SALES CO.** Dept. A CINCINNATI, O.

**SILK All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—All.** **PURE SILK.** Waste taken out. Best sort to make Quilts, Cushions, etc. Big lot 10c; 3 lots 25c; 7 for 50c; 16 for \$1. postpaid. **E. E. H. Co.** Dept. E. Brunswick, Maine.

**STYLISH PENDANT-HUNG Velvet Neck Band**

**Given For Two Subscriptions**

THE low neck waist is slyly by women named for the neck. Neck chains are all thing out are these neck bands. They widths and the narrowest come in several different row widths is the most shown herewith being a dainty gold-filled sliding pendant set with four small pearls, an int. Amethyst and one large int. Baroque pearl. The band fastens together with a new gold-filled catch that is very easy to clasp and unclasp, although it is impossible for it to unclasp accidentally. These neck bands are very becoming on any girl or woman regardless of her complexion or the color of her hair and eyes and this is the reason why more of them are now being worn than any other kind of neck ornaments, also they are more attractive when worn with the fashionable roll collars. We will make any woman or girl a present of this handsome and stylish velvet neck band upon the terms of the following special.

**Club Offer.** For a club of two 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this latest style velvet neck band free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium 7292. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

the lesson is not learned until he gets out in the world and harsher hands than mother's are the teachers. But oppression breeds anarchy just as truly in the home as in the government. You cannot let a child run his own course for the first few years and then "whip it out of him." No matter how much you set your jaw. When the baby cries for something not advisable for him to have then is the time to teach him that crying does no good and if he lies on the floor and screams, a spanking then will save him of hard knocks from the world, later.

Do to others as you would have them do to you, with your children and remember when you are trying to break their strong wills by whipping, that quite frequently a child has more real sense than his mother and no amount of beating will make him respect a red-faced woman who screams at him, mother or no mother. Sisters, this is not sermonizing, but it is a real full-blown sermon, but I promise not to do it again.

I enjoy your descriptions so will tell you how I look and then move over. Am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-three pounds, black hair and blue eyes.

I enjoy every bit of COMFORT, and there is nothing in it that makes us blush for our children to read which is more than can be said about some of the higher-priced magazines.

We all have our troubles, great or small and ours is that our oldest daughter, fourteen, is deaf. Not entirely, but so as to be unable to attend school with good results, as she doesn't speak plainly. Can you tell me of something to help her?

MRS. FLORE HINDMAN.

RITTA, FLORIDA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading the many interesting letters in COMFORT and enjoy them so much, that I thought perhaps others would be interested in a description of my home and surroundings.

I live on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee, in the Everglades of Florida. This lake is forty miles wide and sixty miles long, abounding in fish and wild ducks. The Everglades of Florida are a vast prairie extending from the south shore of Lake Okeechobee to Biscayne Bay; this prairie is covered with a clean growth of saw grass reaching a height of six feet. Before the canals were opened, during the rainy season it was overflowed about three months each year from the water of Lake Okeechobee, as this large lake had no outlet.

Since the state has undertaken the draining of the Glades they have cut four canals. The Ft. Lauderdale Canal, on the east, is sixty-four miles long, fifty feet wide, and ten feet deep. The Miami Canal, on the south is ninety miles long, fifty feet wide, and ten feet deep. There are also the Hillsborough and The Three Miles Canal, so now they have the waters of the lake under control.

The soil of the Everglades is a rich muck; according to the government report the richest in the world. This soil varies from two to fourteen feet deep.

We are in the winter garden district, below frost line. In midwinter we grow all kinds of vegetables. We are growing now, Feb. 2nd, on our place potatoes, beans, cabbage, corn, peppers, lettuce, radishes, peas, onions, etc. Of course this time of year we can get the highest prices for them. For fruits we have ripe strawberries, bananas, oranges and grapefruit. In this climate we plant and grow vegetables every month in the year. The average temperature is 86. The sea breezes from the Atlantic on the East and Gulf on the West keep it about the same all of the time. I have lived in five different states and I think Florida is almost perfect, what I would call paradise on earth, as nearly as one can make it.

This country is full of birds that winter here from the North; each morning they awake me with their songs. With this beautiful lake of sixty miles of water spread out in front of you, you can imagine what it is to get a glimpse of the sea of glass which is before the throne in the midst of the paradise of God.

South of the house is a thick growth of custard apple trees, covered with moon vines and air plants; underneath these trees are a natural fernery. The ostrich fern grows six feet tall, besides other beautiful ferns; as for flowers, Florida you know is noted for her sunshine and flowers. We have the daily rose which is a continual bloomer, and others too numerous to mention.

This part of Florida is a new country just opened to settlers. Three years ago this was under water. A year ago we had only about twenty people in the Everglades; now we have about five hundred settlers and more coming all of the time.

Wishing all the sisters success and happiness, I remain a COMFORT sister. MRS. W. S. DOWELL.

MUNCIE, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I return again after many years' absence? I'm glad to get COMFORT again and hear from old friends.

I am married now, but am not going to tell my maiden name as I want to make friends again under my new name.

I have been traveling around for nearly three years, all over the United States and Canada, and I have seen many beautiful places, and I wish some of the lonely shut-ins could have accompanied me. I am glad to have been able to travel but I'm happier now at home with COMFORT to cheer me.

For constipation try eating one or two figs mornings before breakfast, or a few more figs if chronic, this is good for children, as all love figs; also a spoonful of wheaten bran, beaten well in glass of water is a simple and quite effective remedy.

For caked breasts try baking two or more large potatoes, put in a wooden stocking or cloth, crush soft, and apply to breast hot as can be borne; change frequently until relieved.

As spring and house-cleaning nears, try making your own furniture polish of equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine, spirits of wine, and cedar or any good vinegar. Apply with soft cloth and dust with dry duster.

To make plain white calcimine use one pound white glue, twenty pounds English whiting; dissolve glue by boiling in three pints of water; dissolve whiting in water to make a thick batter; add glue and one cup soft soap, or bar laundry soap melted in a little water as possible; dissolve alum, size of hen's egg, mix all thoroughly, let cool before using. If too thick to spread nicely, add more water. For blue tints, add five cents' worth Prussian blue, and a little Venetian red for lavender color and same amount of blue with the red. For a peach bloom color, add the red without the blue. This makes enough to give four ceilings, sixteen feet square, two coats. This will not rub off like whitewash made of lime.

Hoping I'm forgotten for a long letter, I am.

Sincerely yours for COMFORT, MRS. K. TAKAYAMA.

SHELBY, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

If you dear sisters will please move over just a bit and make room for an old, but silent reader of our paper I will try to tell you a few things about this part of the Delta.

We raise almost anything in the vegetable line for our own use; cotton and corn are the main field crops. The soil is very black and heavy with but very little sand. It has been raining almost all the time for the past two weeks and if any of the sisters live in the Delta you know what kind of a time I am having with mud.

This is our third year here, but we haven't learned to love the place yet. My husband is manager of a plantation and his work keeps him away from the house a great deal of the time and I spend a number of lonesome hours.

As so many are writing on the subject of stepmothers I will say a few words. There has been a stepmother in my father's home for five years. Of course no one can ever fill out dear mother's place, but is it not much better to meet our stepmother with a smile and words of encouragement than so often to remind her that she is unwelcome? I know there are some stepmothers who are very harsh and exacting, who never give the children a kind word and expect them to act like grown-ups in every respect, while there are other stepmothers who consider the happiness of their stepchildren as they do their own and I am sure they never fail to be appreciated. In many cases the children are often to blame for their bad treatment by not showing due respect to their stepparents. Stepmothers, let me beg you to be as kind to the motherless child who is in your care as you would have some other stepmother be to your child.

How many of the sisters like to crochet? I am only a beginner but spend a number of spare moments thus employed.

I also am a great lover of flowers and am planning to have a pretty garden soon.

I can surely sympathize with the sisters who do not live near enough their parents to visit often. We live two hundred and fourteen miles from my husband's people and about two hundred and fifty miles from my people. We have very few neighbors and I know some of you city sisters are going to open your eyes with wonder when I say that in the past two years only four different women have been to see me.

Mrs. J. H. Anders of Centerville, Miss., I feel almost as if I were acquainted with you as my childhood home was near that place.

Miss Marie P. Kearney, I agree with you that a man or boy who drinks should not be scorned and hated, but talked to and tried to be made to see the error of his way, but it does make me tired to hear a person say, "I have tried but just can't quit drinking or smoking." Don't you believe that where there is enough will power any bad habit can be overcome?

I, too, am interested in the training of children as we have one little boy, nearly three years old. I have begun to teach him his letters and to spell short words and do you think we can begin to teach our little ones good manners too soon? It sounds so sweet to hear my boy say, "No thank you," and "If you please," while at the table and "Excuse me," when he is through.

I am twenty-four years old; five feet six inches tall; have brown hair and eyes; dark complexion and weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. Have been married eight years.

A happy and successful year to all.

MRS. Z. C. WILKINSON.

TOPPKINSVILLE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come again and for the third time. This dear old paper is home to me. "Home is where the heart is," for my heart has been wrapped up in the interests of COMFORT since October, 1907, when I first subscribed for it and joined the League; since that time I have never missed reading a single number through and through. I read all and everything. I never miss a crumb of COMFORT for there I gather many golden grains of thought such as "God may delay, but He never forgets." At times we think our prayers are not answered, as soon as we'd like, but they are, in His own good time, if we can say with a spirit and understanding.

"Father, I know that all of my life

is portioned out for me,

And the changes that are sure to come

I do not fear to see;

But I ask thee for a present mind

Intent on pleasing thee."

I cannot tell which department I like best, the Sisters' Corner or Uncle Charlie's, they are both indispensable; there is so much good being done in the world as a result of both departments. Time and eternity will tell. Poor Uncle Charlie in his afflictions laughs and makes the world laugh with him. A monument of prayers has been erected unto the throne of Heaven in his behalf. If I had the expression of Webster, the oratory of Calhoun and the patience of Job perhaps I could tell the good COMFORT has done me. There are some thoughts and raptures of the human heart, that can never be expressed. God alone understands. I dare say I am trying to say what thousands of COMFORT's shut-ins would say if they could express themselves.

The sisters' letters are like an encyclopedic almost for helps and useful knowledge. I often think I am just an unspur as I get all of the good things and I give nothing in return.

Since my last letter to COMFORT, about four years ago, this town has suffered from a great fire, that destroyed the whole business block, except two brick buildings; the oldest hotel was also destroyed. The business outlook was very gloomy for a while; but modern, sanitary structures have given way from the ashes of the old houses. A three-story brick hotel, furnished with water works and all conveniences, vies with those of larger cities; water works are installed in many places of business over the town. We also have an electric light and ice plant which are of inestimable value.

This county, Monroe, has taken advantage of the "State Aid" plan for building roads, for the county to issue road bonds, seems the quickest way to build roads; every dollar the county subscribes to the state doubles it; our people have paid a big mud tax in the last century.

A short time ago Mrs. Cora Wilson Steward, Superintendent of Rowan county, originated and put into practice the system of "Moonlight Schools." She made such rapid progress in that mountainous school that it has gained state-wide recognition. As a result, "Moonlight Schools" were taught all over the state. The Governor of Kentucky appointed an "Illiteracy Commission" and "Educational Whirlwind Campaign," to wipe illiteracy out of the state by 1920; he asks everyone who can read and write to teach someone who can't. The average attendance of all schools of the state was only 48.32, so you see there is room for great work to be done. The oldest pupil in the "Moonlight Schools" was eighty-four years old, learning to read so she could read her Bible.

When Kentucky reached the point sought and women get the vote and vote whisky out of the state, it will have attained a very high state of civilization. "Bootleggers" with "Moonshiners" are a great source of trouble here; it certainly will take strenuous efforts to correct the evil.

Can any of the sisters give me any information on Belgian hares and where to get them? Also, what is a tried remedy for roaring in head, caused by indigestion?

May God's richest blessings rest on all, and an extension of life to all the noble workers, angels of mercy to every shut-in.

MRS. L. H. HOPE.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

"Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned boy

Who didn't talk back to his pa?

And what has become of the girl—such a joy—

Who didn't know more than her ma?

They have wandered away; they have gone band in hand,

With the parents who mounted the skids,

Those old-fashioned parents who used to demand

A little respect from their kids."

Mrs. Della Chapman, I quite agree with you, a good spanking does work wonders. If parents required obedience and punished the disobedient we would have less need for reformatories and penitentiaries.

Some children need less discipline than others and while a spanking is the very thing for one child, the next one would be more easily conquered by being made to sit on a chair or stand in the corner.

Someone says, "I'd never do that, I can't punish the little dears." Well, your children show it. A child with an ugly, selfish disposition is dreaded by even those who love the parents. And don't lie to the children, if you promise to "whip Johnnie if he does that again," do it, for he may say, as I heard a boy say, "You won't neither; you always say that, and you don't do it." They know you lie to them. If you promise to give them a piano or pony if they are good, then do it, but never promise or threaten the impossible.

With all good wishes to the sisters and all departments of COMFORT, especially Uncle Charlie,

I am, yours very truly, MRS. O. L. ELLIOTT.

P. S. Please do not write to me, expecting answers.

SENTINEL, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I read the sister's letters with interest and find so many helpful hints that I want to write and tell them how much I appreciate their help even if I can't send any.

It seems that nearly every family in this part of the country takes COMFORT and everyone speaks of it in the highest terms.

My sympathy goes out to the dear shut-ins and I try to send my "little mite" to help and cheer them.

We live nine miles from Sentinel, our post-office, near a village called Retro and have one of the best consolidated schools in the state. The building contains seven rooms and an auditorium. We employ six teachers, also a music teacher. In the music room we have a piano where a large class of pupils practise music and learn songs for the benefit of the music loving patrons. In the auditorium we have three hundred and sixty opera chairs; in fact, the entire building is equipped in the most up-to-date manner. Six "High School" wagons convey the pupils to and from school. Everyone seems deeply interested in education.

Of course the boys and girls have their popular games such as baseball, basket ball, etc.

I have four boys—the oldest married and living in Hobart, the others going to school. I read everything regarding boys but I think every mother a law unto herself for, like medicine, what is good for some is poison to others, and we must "doctor" them according to their dispositions. Now for a few hints:

If you have a cold or sore throat and will bathe the face and throat in cold water just as quickly as you can after getting out of bed you will find the treatment will benefit you.

For mothers, if you will make your boys Balkan blouses, buy a pair of suspenders to hold up pants under the blouse and over blue union suit, and you will save time and trouble to say nothing of the wear and tear of button and buttonholes.

I wish more sisters would write from Oklahoma, as we think this a grand state. MRS. EMMA FLIPPIN.

**Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home**

To clean silk, woolen or cotton goods. To clean and revive soiled and faded garments wash them in the fol-

# I WANT 200 SALES AGENTS AT \$1,200 TO \$3,600 A YEAR

To introduce my new Vacuum and Compress Washing Machine to every home in the country I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. No experience is required—you can start right now. A labor saver—a time saver—a money saver—a constant helper to every housewife, this wonderful machine practically sells itself at every home without talking or argument being necessary. You risk nothing—everything to gain. This opportunity is placed free in your hands today. You can now secure free territory—drop everything else—take this marvelous little machine as our special representative and

**Make \$21 Next Saturday**

That's what Ralph Cappa, of Florida, did the first Saturday he worked. Another one of my money making men, T. L. Speakman, of Gainesville, Ala., put out 36 on trial one day and sold every one of them—they sold themselves. Profit \$36.00. Can you beat that kind of a seller? Do you want this money for yourself? Do you want to make \$3600.00 this year? Then here's your chance—if you act now—make and keep the money you make.

## Profits Start First Day.

Business supplies the capital. Nothing to stand in your way. You can do what others are now doing every day

—you can make this money. I will help you as I helped G. W. Hickman, of Ga., to make \$10.00 the first afternoon. Frank Green made \$45.00 first three days.

Mrs. L. C. Merrick made \$90.00 first three weeks

in spare time only. J.

H. Goddard made \$13 first three hours.

**Only \$1.50 Selling Price.**

And every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor of wash day. Frees women from worry and fatigue. Housewives discard \$15 and \$20 power machines for it. No competition. Patented. Infringers will be prosecuted. Avoid imitations. Get the WENDELL VACUUM AND COMPRESS WASHING MACHINE.

# Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

## Sore Mouth in Pigs

LITTLE pigs often suffer from canker sore mouth and die of that disease, when it takes a severe form as it does when the sores become infected. An erroneous bit of advice has been spread throughout the country by some stock and farm papers to the effect that the little sharp teeth found in the mouths of some pigs at birth cause these sores and therefore should be snipped off. The teeth do not cause the sores, but of course they may cause lacerations of the snouts of pigs when fighting, or may lacerate the teats of the sow. They do less harm in that way, however, than may result from their removal by cutting. During the operation the gums become bruised or lacerated and then are readily infected and serious canker sores result. The infective germ is known as the bacillus acrophorus and it is normally present in the manure of hogs and therefore found in all yards and uncleared pens used by hogs. To prevent canker sores souse the heads of the pigs in warm water containing an ounce of permanganate of potash to the gallon. Do this instantly at birth and repeat daily, if there has been trouble from sores. If a sore starts scrape it clean, rub lightly with a lanolin caustic pencil or swab it with tincture of iodine once and then with a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash applied once daily with cotton tied on a stick. If a lump or boil starts on the snout swab daily with tincture of iodine, split open when soft, then go on using the iodine tincture. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the pens before the pigs are born. Black teeth in pigs' mouths do no harm and need not be cut off. If pigs die and black teeth are found present they should not be blamed for the deaths. Some disease is present. Small sharp teeth are most likely to be found in the mouths of pigs from sows that have been fed a rich protein ration during pregnancy. The sow should have light laxative rations, without much corn and with only a moderate amount of protein. Let her have plenty of exercise every day and keep her bowels active.

## Wheat with Oats

We find that in some districts farmers are sowing some wheat with their oat seed in spring. They find that the combination tends to stand up better than where oats alone are sown. The wheat straw is stronger and helps to support the weaker oat straw. Besides this the farmers consider a little wheat a valuable and beneficial addition to the oats for feeding purposes. Two pecks of wheat is the average amount sown with oats and will suffice for the purpose. In so sowing wheat it should be understood that the resultant crop is to be fed at home. It cannot well be sold when wheat is present, nor is it feasible to clean out the wheat. Modern farmers prefer to feed all the grain they raise, if they are farming a comparatively small area of land, and it is such farmers that can afford to mix wheat with oats for feeding purposes. The combination is fine for pigs and poultry and a little wheat will not injure the horses and indeed is beneficial; but wheat cannot safely be fed to horses in any considerable amount. It causes indigestion and has been known to cause fatal colic or severe founder when the horse has broken loose and gorged himself with this grain. Rye is about as bad for the latter troubles and if fed liberally causes indigestion, while barley irritates the skin. These grains therefore should be carefully fed and form by a small part of the ration with oats and wheat bran. Peas and oats sown together will be found to make an admirable green forage crop for dairy cows and the mixture comes in handy when the grass becomes brown and dry in July and August.

## When the Foal Comes

Remember to provide an absolutely clean, disinfected, whitewashed and freshly bedded box stall for the reception of the new born foal and when it comes saturate the stump of its navel with tincture of iodine and then dust with slaked lime twice a day until perfectly healed and dried. If this is not done the foal may die of navel and joint disease, or grow up unsound on that account. The mare should have light, laxative rations as foaling time approaches. Let her have plenty of wheat bran and less corn than she has been getting, while oats of course make the best feed for her at this time if she is working, and she should be worked or abundantly exercised right up to the week of foaling. If she runs on grass she will not need bran, but may well have a little oats daily to keep her in good condition. Lush green grass is loosening and not too fattening for the early foaling mare and should be augmented by oats and dry hay to prevent scouring. See that the foal's bowels move promptly at birth and if they do not do so give rectal injections of warm water with the addition of two teaspoonsfuls of glycerine per pint. A dose of Castor oil may be given in milk if found necessary. Just as soon as the foal cares to lick it supply oatmeal in a box where the mare cannot feed, and after a time gradually add wheat bran to the oatmeal and when the foal can chew it give a mixture of equal parts of whole oats and wheat bran. If so fed the foal will practically wean himself at five to six months of age and then go on growing profitably if the generous feeding is continued. The most profitable growth is made during the first year of a foal's life and if he is stunted then he never will mature into a full grown horse. Work the mare lightly two weeks after the foal is born and be careful to let the foal suck frequently. Do not let the foal suck when the mare is hot and sweating. Feed her some hay when she comes in and milk away most of the milk until she cools off; then the foal may suck. On general principles it is poor policy to let the foal run to town with the dam, or to accompany her to the field when she is cultivating corn. The foal may run with the mare, however, if she is doing light work, not in a corn field.

## Some Short Needful Reminders

Just as soon as time and money allow put in some cement sidewalks about the house yard. It is a shame to let the womenfolk wade in mud and a nuisance to have the men track mud into the kitchen and house. If cement walks cannot well be made, then it is certain that some of lumber should be constructed. They do not need to be expensive, but they will pay in comfort and cleanliness and make home better and happier for all concerned.

For any sake swat those flies! They are an

abomination and a danger. Watch where they come from onto your pie at dinner time. Note how they wipe their feet on your food, or face or bald pate. Remember that those feet swarm with germs of all sorts and that some of them may be the germs of typhoid fever, or some other serious contagion. Do away with their breeding places in manure piles and muck spots. Screen against them wherever possible, and so far as that can be done do away with the places where those pesky mosquitoes breed and multiply. That means every single receptacle for stagnant water, and it pays to pour some crude oil on the ponds and sloughs, where draining cannot well be done.

For the table's sake and the stomach's sake please understand that the garden patch really is the most important bit of land on the farm and therefore the farmer and his hands should be ashamed to see the womenfolk doing the gardening with hand implements. That patch, properly tended, will pay a bigger profit than any similar area on the farm and think what those fresh vegetables mean during hot weather and how anxious the men would be to "make garden" if the women "struck" and attended to their household duties which are more than enough to try and exhaust their strength. Put the garden crops in long straight rows and cultivate with a horse, or at least supply and use the wheel hoe and such like implements which so greatly reduce hand labor in the garden. If the garden is appreciated as it deserves its care will be taken into consideration and be provided for just as well as that of any field on the farm and when that is so the wife and daughters will have no complaint to make.

## Spring Planting

May is the month in which the greater share of spring seedling and planting is done in the Northern States.

In the April number of COMFORT's Modern Farmer we published a table showing temperatures at which seeds germinate and make most rapid growth under favorable conditions. By referring to that table you will note that with many plants it does not pay to put the seed in the ground until it has reached a temperature of 70 degrees. The general rule to follow is:

Don't be in a hurry to plant unless the weather is favorable. Many farmers make the mistake of sowing too early. The seed is put into the ground just after it has reached the point where it will grow but not yet warm enough to grow with vigor. This results in weak, sickly plants without vigor and sufficient vitality to make a good crop. Farmers often notice that crops put in the ground a week or two later produce better yields than those sown early.

Will early sowing injure the seed? Yes. Early sowing will injure the seed in two ways. In the first place it may be just warm enough to start sprouting and then a few days of colder weather come on which will reduce the temperature so much that sprouts cannot grow more. Decay sets in and the seed is spoiled. In the next place the backward weather may keep the young plants growing so slowly that they become weak, sickly and yellow. In the first place the seed is lost, in the second the crop is reduced through slow growth. In either case early sowing won't pay.

Does it ever pay to sow early? In the case of seeds that must lie in the ground some time before germinating it often pays to sow early. In this way the seedling of these crops is out of the way by the time that those crops that had best be planted when the weather is right, need attention. But the farmer should clearly understand the difference between those plants which will be uninjured by early planting and those which will not. For his convenience lists have been prepared as follows:

Seeds that are seldom injured by early planting. Wheat, rye, timothy, red top, bluegrass, and most of the other pasture and meadow grasses.

Seeds that will be uninjured by early sowing provided that no severely cold weather follows. Oats, barley, peas, hemp, flax and most of the early vegetables.

Seeds that should not be planted until both air and ground are warm. Corn, beans, clover, cucumber, melon, pumpkin and all other plants easily damaged by slight frosts.

It must be remembered in every case, however, that it is a safer plan to plant a little late than it is to put seed into a cold soil.

## How to Start Early Vegetables

Such plants as cannot be safely planted in the open ground until late in the season may be started in the hot bed, cold frame or in boxes and transplanted then to the open ground as soon as it is in proper condition. This is done on practically every farm in the Northern states with cabbage, celery, tomatoes and like plants. But with another group of plants like cucumber and melon it is seldom practised. Now why is this? Simply because such plants do not transplant easily. Those plants having a large fibrous root system transplant with great ease, but plants like cucumbers and melons, possessing but a single tap root with little branching are very difficult to make grow after transplanting.

How to transplant melons and cucumbers. However, melons and cucumbers and all like plants may be easily handled in the following manner: Plant in small pots and when ready to transplant soak the soil thoroughly with water so that it will not fall apart, slip plant, dirt and all out of the pot by inverting it and giving it a sharp rap and set the whole thing out without in the least disturbing the roots. This is the general method. Now how can it best be practised? Pots are expensive and the method somewhat slow.

Get from the druggist the ordinary paper drinking cup, punch a hole in the bottom and plant seed in it. When ready to transplant, wet and transplant pot and all. Slit the pot down the side in two or three places and spread open so that the roots may escape. Or make pots of old envelopes, soak thoroughly and set out in the same way. The heavy soaking and later rains will destroy the paper or it may be easily torn off. Or use the little paper side dishes for nuts that are sold for table use, for pots in the same way.

The best method of all, however, is the sod method. In the summer previous to the year in which it is to be used cut squares of sod about three inches thick and pile it up in a compact heap to decay. The next spring plant seeds in little three-inch squares of this sod and when ready transplant plants, sod and all, to the open ground. By using proper care with any of the above methods, plants that are usually very dif-

ficult to transplant may be grown early and placed in the field as soon as outside conditions are fit.

## Notes on Summer Work

If it has not been done the wire fences on the farm should be safely "grounded" before thunder storms take their annual grist to the sorrow of the improvident farmer. Hundreds of farm animals are each year killed by lightning conducted to them by wire fences. We have seen pictures of as many as twenty fine cattle lying dead beside a wire fence after a big thunder storm. The grounding is not difficult to do. Attach a copper wire to each wire of the fence by stapling and after attaching the free end of the wire to a zinc plate bury it in ground that will remain damp. Go deep enough to make dampness a certainty. Do the grounding of the wires at intervals of not over twenty rods and ten rods would be better, although some farmers think such short intervals unnecessary. The way we look at it is that it is better to err on the side of safety, placing the grounding wires close together as the expense is comparatively small and protection of the highest importance. At the same time it is well to remind our readers that lightning rods should be placed upon the house and barns by an expert who is known as educated and honest in the business. Make sure, too, that the fire and tornado policies are in good standing; or insure the buildings against fire and tornadoes, if that has not been done. It is a bad business to find the tornado policy lapsed when the big barn has blown to smithereens.

While fences should be put in good repair, in early spring, before plowing becomes possible, or in fall when other works has been finished, the experienced farmer carries an emergency kit with him when he walks over his broad acres and does many a little repair stunt that counts mightily in preventing accidents and wasteful pilaging of animals. It is a good plan to "walk the fences" at least once a week. A staple in time saves a good horse from getting a loose wire wrapped around his ankle to saw and wound. It also is necessary work as the neighbor's bull may break through and the "breech" bull commonly is a scrub and his visits liable to do dire damage in the herd. Mending fences is a necessary part of the farmer's work; but continual patching and piecing is poor policy. Often the best policy is to put in a new fence and be done with it and always it is best to build a fence that will last. It is a pity to see a man putting in posts of scrub oak or black oak, or poplar or some other wood that will only last a few years. If one cannot use white oak or cedar posts the very best thing to do is to make some cement post molds, or "forms" and fill them just as often as rush of other work will allow. This proves most profitable where sand and fine gravel can be found right on the farm; but in many districts materials for post making are not so far away as to make hauling too expensive and the cement posts will last a lifetime if properly constructed.

Watch where the water stands in spring and remember in dry weather in summer and fall to do the ditching. There comes a time after haying and harvesting and before silo filling when tiling can be done to advantage and the needed tiles should be hauled some day on a return trip from town. Much land that is not wet needs draining to get the water into it so that air may follow and do away with sourness and set free plant foods, but in most districts the chief aim is to get the water off low spots and that certainly is necessary and important work. See that there is a sufficient outlet for a main drain before starting to dig ditches and that the fall will be sufficient for the lateral rains; then run all the drains with as few curves as possible and get them deep enough to escape frost. Such drains will soon pay for the expense of their digging and placing and farm land is getting so scarce and high in many localities that every reclaimed acre means much to the farmer and his family. There is no profit in letting so many acres merely furnish coolness and comfort for the frog family and crowish. Get them to producing crops.

Another most necessary but somewhat vexatious "chore" in summer-time is the mowing of the roadsides and the clearing out of weeds along the fences, along the sides of the growing grain and corn and cotton crops and in the corners of the fences. We know of few jobs that the "boys" hate worse, but it has to be done and done on time, else weeds will go to seed and "smut" the farm and some of the neighbor's land. The orchard is perhaps a worse proposition to tackle when it grows up to rag weed and wild hemp, and Spanish needle and a host of other tall and tough culmbers of the ground. Weeds are a good protection to the soil, no doubt but they will do better when cut and left lying as a mulch than standing and ripening seed. Cut them down. The clean farm is a rarity and a joy forever. The foul farm is a common and annoying terror.

The noon "siesta" of the farm folk of Mexico and of some other hot countries is not a mere sign of laziness, but is a necessity born of experience. We sometimes think that it would be much better on our own farms to rest longer at noon, in haying and harvest and during the entire period of summer heat, than to "lay off" for only an hour at noon. The horses cannot properly cool off and masticate their feed in that time, to say nothing of obtaining sufficient rest after the hard forenoon's work. They should have two hours rest at noon and work an extra hour in the evening and in extra hot weather advantage should be taken of the cool evening hours to get in some of the crop. In the heating heat of the day oats often are too dry to bind by hand and when that is so it is too hot for people and horses to work in safety and to the best advantage. At such times some sensible farmers now do the cutting and binding (by machine) at night, when the light will allow, and we suppose the day will come when electric light will turn night into day as desired, on the farm as well as in the country. The pioneer days when men worked eighteen out of the twenty-four hours in summer surely are gone and ought to be, and with grain and other farm products now selling for twice the price they did in the early days one should be able to use modern machinery and make the work hours shorter and more effective for the men in the field and the womenfolk in the house.

## Succulence for Dry Weather

It is no trick at all to get a fine flow of rich milk from a fresh cow on lush pastures in May and June. Nature does the work. The feed available at that time not only is well balanced in food nutrients, but also is succulent and laxative. Such feed cleans up the system of the cow, so to speak, after she has been on winter rations and she does her very best in milk production. Just as soon as the hot weather comes on and the grass starts to ripen or fade or grow slowly the milk diminishes in flow and unless great care is taken, by additional feeding and proper management the flow may fall off fully two thirds from the May amount. Change from succulent, laxative green grass to dry grass is the principal cause, but contributing causes are flies, lack of shade, excess of heat and stagnated pond or river water often used by pasturing cows. To take the place of the green grass, or for use as an adjunct to what grass there is, many men are providing summer silage. In a small silo filled at the same time as the large silo and kept closely shut until needed in July and August. This silo should be narrow so that the surface silage may be fed off quickly each day to prevent much moulding and spoiling. Some dairymen have the first ten feet or so of the silo under ground and make the silo very tall, 36 feet and over with the object of having the bottom ten feet left for summer use. If silage has not been provided remember to sow corn broadcast or in drills for cutting green when needed in the dry, hot spell of weather sure to come before autumn rains; or sow peas and oats, Hungarian or millet, cowpeas or some form of vetch, according to the possibilities of the district in which the cows are to be fed. Roots also are useful if available early and certainly



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are a fine feed for use after grass and before the silo is opened in November. The entire profit from the spring calving cows may be dependent upon the provision of such succulent feed as we have suggested. There is no profit in a feast and then a famine of feed. The cow must be kept fully fed and with bowels regular throughout the entire milking season and must also be protected from flies, have adequate shade and pure, cool water.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those you may have on the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing up and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

## Questions and Answers

**GRAFTING PEAR TREES.**—I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a number of years and always well pleased with it. I have a pear tree about eight years old that always bears well but the fruit is of a hard, gritty variety. Could I have the tree grafted, or could I do it myself? When should I get the cuttings, and how long before it will bear fruit after grafting?

**Mrs. T. J. S., Evergreen, N. Y.**—A.—Pear trees can be top grafted successfully. You will have to wait until next fall to get the cuttings. It should be top grafted in the early spring before the sap starts. If you are not familiar with top working trees you had better get someone who is to get the cuttings for you do the grafting. It will take three or four years before the tree will bear well after top grafting.

**WHEN TO PLANT WHITE BURBANK POTATO.**—Please tell me what time of year to plant the White Burbank potato. I planted some in May and they all made vines and no potatoes. On what kind of soil should they be planted and how cultivated?

**S. T. C., Vanndale, Ark.**—A.—Potatoes grow best on a fertile, sandy loam. Too rich soil produces a heavy growth of vines. May planted potatoes should do well in your state though Burbanks should ripen if planted in June. They should be cultivated frequently until the vines are too big for easy cultivation. From your description it would seem that your soil was too rich or that you used too much stable manure, though of course it is impossible to tell without further information. Potato phosphate is a better fertilizer than manure for potatoes.

**SEEDING TO ALFALFA.**—I have a piece of cultivated ground that I would like to seed into Alfalfa. Now I would like to know if it would be all right to seed it into clover this year. Is it better to use white or red clover? Does the clover have to be more than one year old before plowing up and seeding for Alfalfa? (2) I have another piece that had white clover and a little red clover mixed that was two years old, and I plant that down last fall. I would like to know if it would be all right to seed that into Alfalfa this spring or would it be better to raise a crop of potatoes from it first before seeding into Alfalfa? R. E. Tekos, Wash.

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## VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such address, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks, the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

**SALIVARY FISTULA.**—I have two cows that have a small lump that came on the left jaw. It appears to be under the skin and when it discharges it is like clear water. I cannot cure it. MRS. M. K.

A.—An opening or fistula forms in the salivary duct (Steno's) in such cases and home treatment will do no good. In a horse the veterinarian may be able to operate successfully, but with a cow that scarcely would prove profitable. Swab with tincture of iodine every other day.

**SELF-SUCKING COW.**—Can you give me a remedy for a cow that sucks herself? Can anything be put on the teats? Miss D. C.

A.—Fit the cow with a spiked halter or make her a "necklace" of sharpened pickets or laths woven with smooth wire and to run lengthwise of the neck. Aloe and oil smeared on the teats possibly may help.

**COUGH.**—I have a mare three years old. She had distemper this last winter, leaving her with a cough. Please tell me how to stop it. C. B. C.

A.—Wet all feed and give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until the cough abates; then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking at least a week to the work. Heaves possibly is present.

**NAVEL INFECTION.**—I had a young mule colt die last spring. He appeared healthy. When eight days old, one ankle was enlarged and then all the joints were affected. It died in three days. H. J. R.

A.—This was a case of navel infection and consequent joint disease (pyximia). The trouble may be prevented by allowing the mare a perfectly cleansed and freshly bedded box stall at foaling time, saturating the stump of the navel with tincture of iodine at birth and then dusting it often with slacked lime. Affected colts usually die.

**LUMP.**—About a year ago a small lump appeared in the left side of the udder of one of my cows. It is on the inside of the teat and the size of a hickory nut. It is hard, but does not appear to be sore. She is thin in flesh but eats heartily and gives a good flow of milk. M. A.

A.—As the lump apparently is doing no harm it probably would be best to leave it alone. If you prefer to give treatment you may paint it with tincture of iodine two or three times a week. When a well-fed cow remains thin and thrifless it is wise to have her tested with tuberculin, as tuberculosis may be present.

**NAEVUS COW.**—I have a young cow that urinates every time I milk her. She eats well, but appears to lose flesh. E. M.

A.—Give her some relished feed at milking time and massage the udder gently for a few minutes before starting to milk. She may gradually get over the nervousness. Add oilmeal to the ration.

**QUITTOR.**—I have a horse that had a runround on its hoof, about four months ago. A new hoof has grown out about two inches, but it is still sore at back of hoof and pus forms in the parts affected, and sometimes the leg swells. MRS. M. W.

A.—Soak the hoof twice daily for fifteen or twenty minutes in a tub containing a warm one per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and if that does not suffice use a weak solution of concentrated lye, half a teaspoonful to the quart at first, and gradually strengthen the solution. On taking the foot from the tub cover the wound with boric acid, absorbent cotton and bandages.

**WARTS.**—Please print a remedy for warts on a halter. They are next to the eye. M. H.

A.—Rub the parts once or twice daily with best Castor oil and the warts will disappear.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a mule which limps painfully when pulling a load up an incline. The leg affected is the right hind leg. She walks smoothly on level ground. She also persists in standing on her toes on that foot. Am almost positive that it is not a stifle. The leg is not swollen anywhere and no deformity. MRS. J. W. G.

A.—The lameness probably is located in the hock joint and a spavin may be present and would require cutting, blistering and prolonged rest. We are unable to diagnose mysterious lameness without making a personal examination and merely make the above as a suggestion. You will have to employ the local graduate veterinarian.

**BONE TUMOR.**—I have a mare three years old. About two months ago I noticed a lump the size of a hen's egg on the lower side of the jaw bone. Now there is another one—not so large. They appear to be very sore and when I touch them she flinches. They are calloused on the bone. L. F.

A.—It would of course be best to have the tumor operated upon by an educated veterinarian, but some owners treat such growths successfully by applying a mixture of powdered corrosive sublimate and a little lard to cause sloughing. This does best when the bone is not involved.

**CHOKING.**—I have an eight-year-old gelding. In eating oats they seem to clog in his throat. He was all right until I fed him from a nose bag. MRS. J. W. S.

A.—Mix one ninth part of wheat bran with the whole oats, dampen this mixture at feeding time and spread it from a large box on the bottom of which it will spread out thin. He learns to bolt feed from the nose-bag.

**GARTER.**—What is the matter with my cow? Her udder becomes lumpy, and the milk appears chabbered. The teats are sore when you milk her. MRS. B. G.

A.—Foment the udder with hot water three times a day and milk and massage the udder at these times. At night rub the udder with a mixture of one part of mercurial ointment and two parts of lanoline, lard or soft soap. At times of attack give a tablespoonful of powdered pok root twice daily in water or feed for two or three successive days.

**WIRE CUT.**—Can you tell me what will make the hair grow back on my horse's leg where he was cut when a little colt? The cut healed but no hair grew back on it. J. S.

A.—The hair roots have been destroyed and hair cannot therefore be made to grow upon the scar; but a skilled surgeon could cut out the scar, bring the edges of the new wound together by sutures and probably obtain immediate union (healing by first intention) between the lips of the wound so that no unsightly blemish would remain.

**LICE.**—Can you give a simple and effective remedy for lice on horses and directions for treatment and also for worms in horses and pigs? MRS. M. N.

A.—For lice use a 1-30 solution of coal tar dip and repeat as often as found necessary. For worms mix the feed night and morning for a week a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of salt, sulphur and dried sulphate of iron; then skip ten days and repeat. Omit iron for a pregnant mare and increase salt and sulphur. For worms of hogs mix sulphate of iron in the slop for five consecutive mornings, allowing one dram for each hundred pounds of body weight of pigs. Repeat in ten days if thought necessary.

**PARALYSIS.**—I have a sow that brought twelve pigs January 9th. One was dead, and two have died since. Early in February she appeared stiff in hind parts and two days later she got down and could not get up. She gets up on front feet, to help her up on hind feet seems to hurt her. MRS. I. F. H.

A.—Lack of exercise and stuffing on corn brought on this weakness and it will be likely to prove incurable. The drain and strain of nursing brings out the trouble in a pampered sow. Wean the pigs at once and feed the sow on milk, middlings, flaxseed meal and limewater. Roots and Alfalfa hay may be added. Rub loins twice daily with druggist's soap liniment.

**SWELLING.**—I have a horse three years old that has a swelling, or enlarged glands, just back of jaw bone.

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AKRON**

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

(2213)

He seems to be sound in every other way, eating and drinking heartily. E. U.

A.—The parotid gland is enlarged and this may result from strangles (distemper) or influenza, or be associated with an attack. So long as it causes no inconvenience leave it alone, but if thought necessary rub in iodine ointment every other day.

**WARTS.**—I have a mare that has warts on the inside of both hind legs at the stifle joints. What is the best and safest way to get rid of them? R. S.

A.—Tie a fine cord around each wart that has a narrow neck. Rub Castor oil once or twice daily upon masses of small warts. They will then drop off or disappear after a time.

**ABNORMAL MILK SECRETION.**—I have a mule ten years old. She is fat and works all the time. She has milk secretion in her udder. What is the cause and what can I do to dry it up?

A.—Heavy feeding and good condition induce the secretion. Rub in camphorated oil or strong vinegar twice daily. Reduce feed and increase exercise.

**GREASE.**—I have a five-year-old horse, Percheron stock, weighing 1480 pounds. A year ago this spring his left hind leg swelled just above the fetlock joint. The leg has cracked from the fetlock joint up about eight inches. They are about one inch apart. The cracks are on the hind part of the leg.

A.—Farcy is the skin form of glanders and were that disease present the horse would have to be destroyed according to state law. The symptoms indicate grease or aggravated scratches. Poultice with hot daxxers for three days and then apply oxide of zinc ointment twice daily. Increase exercise and reduce rich feed.

**CHOLERA.**—I have a number of hogs. First they appear stupid and won't come out of bed. Then they get so they won't eat or drink water. They have chills and shake all over. They turn purple around the snout. They look sick out of eyes. Three have died and they suffer when dying. MRS. J. F. E.

A.—Hog cholera no doubt is present and there is no remedy. After cleansing, disinfecting and whitewashing the pens and houses vaccinated hogs will have to be put in and vaccination will have to be done as often as necessary. By a graduate veterinarian, to prevent similar losses in future.

**DISTEMPER.**—I would like to know what to do for my horse. He has had distemper for two or three weeks. It does not appear to bother him much. There is inflammation and a discharge from his nose. I used sweet spirits of tartar and tartaric emetic. D. H. H.

A.—We cannot prescribe in such a case as the symptoms merely show a discharge from the nose which might be due to anyone of several different diseases. As one of the possibilities is glanders and that is incurable and also communicable and fatal to man you should at once have an examination made by an educated veterinarian. The remedies mentioned should not be used unless chosen and prescribed by an expert.

**CATARH.**—I have a horse nine years old that has cataract. When working hard enough to sweat he catches cold easily and when he lowers his head to drink a disagreeable discharge comes from his nose. He has been this way a year or more and is hearty and in good order and has never missed a meal. At times he appears drowsy. A. C. M.

A.—As glanders may be present we should not feel justified in prescribing treatment in this case and a qualified veterinarian should therefore be employed to make an examination. Where glanders is present the affected horse has to be destroyed according to state law. The disease is communicable and fatal to man as well as horses, so one has to be extremely careful.

**INDIGESTION.**—I have two horses; one nine years old, and one four. They gnaw and eat wood all the time. R. J. M.

A.—Horses afflicted with indigestion from improper feed or methods of feeding, or from intestinal worms, often gnaw wood or bark and may also eat earth, bedding or manure. Have their teeth put in order by a veterinarian and then feed whole oats, wheat bran and hay. Allow free access to rock salt. If the trouble persists mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts of powdered wood charcoal, sulphur and bicarbonate of

# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**T**HE month of May calls us outdoors with a compelling voice. Happy is the boy who has enough work to do, to make his leisure hours sweeter. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but all play makes Jack worse than a dull boy. Did you ever stop to think that when you play a game of ball, you really work harder than when you are doing chores, and yet you go at one with zest and at the other with dragging feet. You take an interest in the game and so it does not seem like work. If you take an interest in your work instead of hating and slighting it, it will soon become interesting instead of irksome. It is only those that try to do their work as well as they can that ever rise in the world.

## At the Swimming Hole

The accompanying sketch suggests the good old summer-time very strongly. It is a diving board that somewhat resembles an ancient catapult. In fact we have drawn on the ancients for our idea. A world of keen enjoyment awaits you if you make this device, and it should not take a "gang" of six or seven lads more than a couple of hours to do so. Erect the truss out of heavy plank near the bank of a stream and fit a strong bolt through the center as shown in Fig. 2. A piece of sound scantling will do for the swinging will do for the swinging.

board. Bore a hole in the center for the bolt to pass through, and on one end place a standing board made of cross cleats. A heavy weight made of bags of stone or sand is tied to the other end. The picture shows the diving catapult up-sidedown after it has swung round and thrown the boy towards the water. When ready for use the weight is at the front end. The rope passes down through the pulley shown in the rear and is held by several boys. The diver poised, ready for a spring, on the standing board, and when he yells, "all right," the rope is let go and the weighted end falls throwing the diver in a half circle through the air. At the right instant he leaves the board and makes a beautiful dive.

## Queen of Hearts Puzzle

The queen of hearts, she made some tarts. There are nine of them on the dish and she wants her wise men to arrange them in eight rows of three each. They finally discovered how to do it as shown in the small diagram at the side.

## Glass

Glass is one of the commonest everyday articles we know about and yet there are many kinds of glass which are positively mysterious. Perhaps you will think it strange to have a window through which you could see clearly looking out from within the house, but which defied observation of you from the outside. In other words, you can see through it only from one side. This glass is not more wonderful than court glass which is as hard to break as steel. Imagine a thin crystal tumbler which might be thrown around like a tin cup, or plunged first in the fire and then in ice cold water without danger of breaking. As you might imagine, this glass is very expensive.



THE NINE TARTS.

## A Kick Wagon

Did you ever ride on a kick-back cart? If not get busy with hammer and saw and make one according to the directions given herewith. In some corner around the farm you can find three small metal wheels, that will do nicely. Use two-inch plank for the body of the cart and make it exactly as shown in Fig. 3. The simplest way to attach the axle is to drive staples around it as shown in Fig. 2. The small fore wheel by means of which you steer the vehicle is pictured in Fig. 4. It resembles a large caster. It is probable you can find such a wheel in the scrap as many farm implements have them. It is not hard to make one out of wood. A piece of scantling will do for the forked post, the bolt "Z" serves as an axle for the wheel, and "Y" as a pivot that permits the handle to swing. Use every means

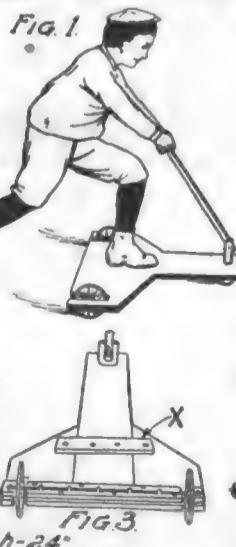


FIG. 1  
FIG. 2  
FIG. 3  
FIG. 4  
A KICK WAGON.

you know of to make the wagon strong and it will yield you many an hour of fun. It is a good exerciser as well as a joy producer.

## Rescue at Sea

If you were to fall into the sea, your one desire would be to grasp a proffered life line and be hauled to safety. An American seaman who was thrown overboard by rough weather did not do so. When the line was thrown to him, he continued to bob around as calmly as if he were

in no danger. Finally he did reach for the line, and untied a crude knot which had been made by a well-meaning landlubber. When the seaman was pulled aboard, he voiced his disgust in no uncertain terms. It is said that a poorly tied knot is abhorred by a real sailor as much as discord is by a professor of music.

## A Swinging Porch Seat

The porch seat pictured here is an article of beauty, comfort and utility. I have planned it in such a simple way that any of my boy readers over twelve years can make it without other assistance than the pictures and instructions given here. All the pieces that go to form it are exactly alike, save for a difference of length. Fig. 3 is a picture of the board with the dimensions marked on it. Fourteen boards just like it are what you need to make the seat. Fig. 2 is a side view of the swing, and as it shows all the measurements you must study it carefully as you proceed with the work of construction.

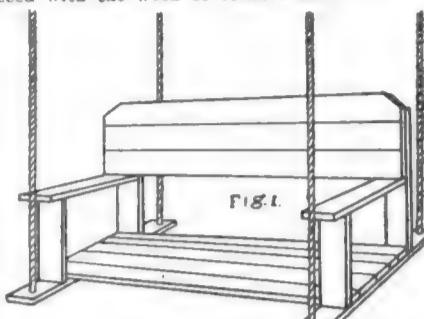
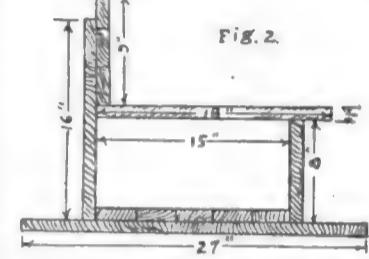


FIG. 1

FIG. 2



A SWINGING PORCH SEAT.

The first thing to do is to place the two bottom cleats down on the floor and nail the five 48-inch seat boards to them. Next nail on the four legs, then the arm rest, and last the back boards. Bore one inch holes in the corner to thread the rope through. The upper ends of the ropes fasten to hooks in the porch ceiling. The most beautiful way to finish this seat is to give it two coats of forest green paint and two coats of varnish. It will then be a fitting piece of furniture for the finest porch in the land.

## Chicken Fountain

A simple feeding device for little chicks may be made from a tin can. All that needs to be done is to cut a three-cornered hole in the can as shown in Fig. 2. The cutting is done in such a way that the jagged edges of the tin may be bent back a quarter of an inch. The hole is just large enough to permit the head of the chicks to enter. A can opener is a good tool to

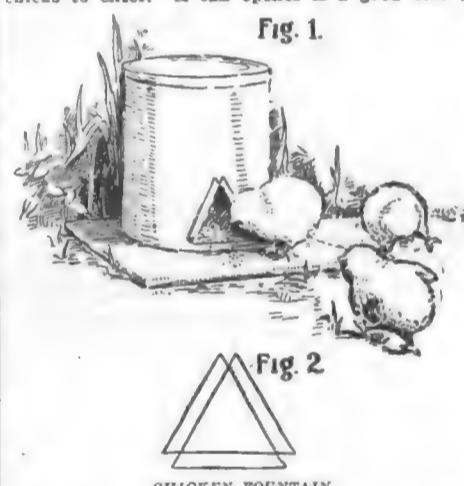


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

CHICKEN FOUNTAIN.

do the cutting with. The lower end of the can is open and fits closely around a row of nails which prevents its being blown over. It is easily lifted off to permit of scalding occasionally. The plank needs scrubbing and scalding frequently.

I will bid you good by now until the September issue. I will be trying to discover something new and interesting for you while you are at play. I love the work or I would not be able to do it. All my waking hours I share with you, for the problems incident to editing a department of this kind are never absent from my mind. I sincerely wish each of you good fortune in all things.

UNCLE JOHN.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

buy her one. After twenty-six long years, more than a quarter of a century, a society in the town (not a church society by the way) bought the poor, dear old lady, a rolling chair, and she was wheeled out into the sunshine for the first time in twenty-six years. That news item went the round of all the big newspapers the country over. Big syndicates send items of this kind to hundreds of publications from coast to coast. When I read that item it made my stomach turn over and I cried aloud: "Oh, God, how can such things be?" Millions of people I've no doubt read of that incident, but I don't suppose it meant more to the average mind than if it had been a report of a ball game, or the account of the birth of a three-legged calf or a seven-legged hog. To me however, this paragraph was a burning indictment of society, our institutions, secular and religious and our savage civilization. If this poor old soul had been lying helpless in some isolated section of the backwoods one might understand her pitiable plight, but there she was helpless and neglected in a well-to-do Christian or un-Christian community. Now it is a positive fact that no one can lie on a bed of sickness for twenty-six years in a city of even a hundred thousand people without nearly everyone knowing it. The ubiquitous reporter is always glad to run in a line every now and again about such cases. Everyone in New York knows of two or three people who have been in bed over forty years. They are public characters, and many prominent people visit them and take an interest in them. Of course these are exceptional cases, or they would not attract attention in this vast melting pit of the races. But that they do, is sufficient proof that small towns, cannot close their eyes and ears and ignore things of this character. In this particular city for twenty-six years the salaried servants of Christ have preached thousands of them at least dwelling upon one's duty towards one's neighbor, and collected tens of thousands

of dollars to convert the heathen Chinese and other fortunate inhabitants of foreign lands, but never once raising a finger or collecting a red cent to get this poor martyred old soul out of her living tomb. If I had known of this case that poor old lady would have had a wheel chair ten years ago even if I had had to hock my own bed to give it to her. Plenty of churhianity you see, but no practical Christianity. A few words from one of the many pulpits in that prosperous city would have rescued this poor old lady from her mattress grave twenty-five years ago, but alas not for a quarter of a century was that word spoken. Faith without works is dead and an institution that does not send its shepherds into the highways and byways and succor its sick and afflicted sheep, is nothing but a mausoleum of dead hopes and dead men. Shall we ever get together and do unto others as we would have others do unto us? Shall we ever learn that in dollars and windy words there is nothing but disillusion and death and in service to man and God alone are to be found, peace, joy and happiness? Before me lies a letter from a poor old woman down South who has been sick and helpless for many years and who never in her life has known what it is to have a blanket covering her shivering and tortured body. These are hard times, but hard or not there is plenty of money for whisky, candy, vice and every other fool thing, but mighty little for God's suffering, neglected poor. Put your prayers into deeds and imitate Frank Vacca. He isn't letting the ashes of selfishness, greed and indifference, bury the gold nuggets of his soul. There are a thousand of you skimming around in automobiles who never allow one sweet, unselfish, Christ-like thought to enter your flinty hearts. You see I'm giving you a regular Billy Sunday raking over. It is the only kind of talk that gets results. Fine words butter no parsnips, and its deeds, not hot air that unlock the door of the better world.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so insistently that it was deemed advisable to open it a little, that all are eligible to admission into the League provided they conform to its rules are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, plus five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name, address, and date of admission, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also, paid-in advance, subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly.

## How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration. If you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with your cents of extra, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

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All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Hattie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

## Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; as if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

## League Shut-in and Mercy Work for May

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Lucinda Weed, Evart, R. R. 3, Mich. Has consumption. Husband afflicted with rheumatism. Three children to support. Physician is rendering free treatment. Her life may be indefinitely prolonged if she can have plenty of nourishment and care. Here is your chance to save a life. Help her please. Ellen Burke, 210 Main St. West, Rochester, N. Y. Bedridden from rheumatism. Sixty-two years of age. Sister her only support. Send her some cheer. Mrs. R. M. Johnson, Buford, Ga. Bedridden for five years. Send her some help. Priscilla Tillery, Elm City, N. C. Invalid for many years. Mother also sick. Needy and worthy. Give them a boost. Jeff Collins, Tomahawk, Ky. Crippled from rheumatism for four years. Wife also in poor health. Unable to work. No means of support. Highly recommended. Send them some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. E. H. Bell, Laidlaw, Oregon. Paralyzed. Poor and helpless. Needs a wheel chair. Send her some help. John D. Moore, Spencer, Henry Co., Va. One hand and foot paralyzed. Unable to work. Needs food and clothing. Send him some help. John B. Adkins, Branchfield, R. R. 1, W. Va. Invalid for nine years. Unable to work. Would appreciate cards and letters, and if someone could pass him on a typewriter would be grateful. Emma Jenkins, R. R. 1, Walling, Tenn. Hasn't walked for thirty-five years. Would appreciate cheery letters and a dime shower. Walter Layton, Albemarle, N. C. Paralyzed from having his spine broken while working in sawmill. Has wife and five small children. Very sad case. Highly recommended. Send them some help. Mrs. Cora A. Wilson, Price, N. C. Invalid. Send her cheery letters and postal cards and reading matter, and be sure and put something in your letters. Mrs. A. Browne, Ronnerine, Cal. Invalid. Would like cheery letters, postal cards and quilt pieces. No financial aid needed. Mrs. W. O. Hudson, Corunna, Mich. Invalid. Would appreciate cards, letters, quilt scraps and reading matter. Viola Ford, Spruce, R. R. 1, Mo. Little crippled girl thirteen years of age. Would like reading matter, postal cards and cheery letters.

Put your hand in your long stocking and help all you can. Don't leave all the giving to a few. Got hats a tight wad. Jar loose.

Lovingly yours,

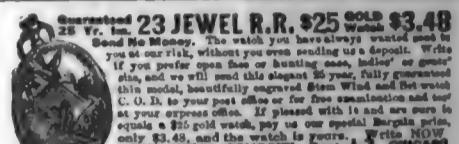


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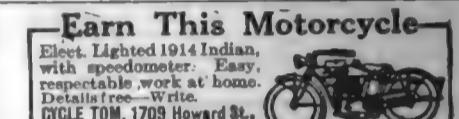
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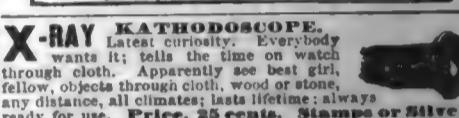
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**AGENTS**

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**H**ERE we are, my dears, before we had hardly thought spring had come, here we are at the merry month of May and the last month of spring is upon us and I'll bet a lot of you haven't done your spring cleaning yet. But don't worry over that, there are thirty-one days in May and you can do wonders in that time if you want to. Besides some folks do their spring cleaning in June, or even July or August, and let me whisper it to you, some don't do it at all. However, none of you is like that, I am sure. Anyway, May is a lovely month and I hope you will all enjoy it as much as I do. May and October are the two months of the year I like best and—but I can't be talking with work to do. So here goes to the pile of letters on my desk.

The very first letter I open contains the one great unanswered heart question. It comes from Cousin E. of Plymouth, Nebr., and the question is: "Why does the one I dearly love care more for other girls than he does for me?" Nobody can answer that, not even the one who is dearly loved and why should I try? I won't, and Cousin E. must find the answer for herself, if there is one. Still, she is only sixteen, and I fancy it will not be a great while before she will be laughing at herself for having asked me such a foolish question.

Truthful Bells, Tenn.—If there is no other mode of conveyance and the distance is great, girls might ride behind young men from evening parties, but a much nicer way would be for the girls to provide for their own to go to and from parties, if the young men aren't polite enough to do so properly. (2) You may associate with the young man who asked to kiss you, provided you did not permit him to do so.

F. A. M. E., Paonia, Colo.—Don't give up your school teaching, even though the burden of your broken heart is almost more than you can bear. You are in no condition to marry the young man who wants to marry you. Ere you can marry him happily, you must forget the one you want to marry and he doesn't want you. Cupid is a curious critter, my dear.

Reader, Hardin, Ky.—Don't bother about him until you are perfectly sure that he likes you as well as you think he does. When that is settled there won't be any need to bother, will there?

Perplexed, Cleveland, O.—The difficulty with you and the young man is that neither of you is frank and square with the other. Insignificant matters you magnify and the small troubles between you you will not talk about and clear up and out as sensible people should. Now try the open and frank manner of people with nothing to conceal and see if you don't understand each other much better. If you don't, it is time for both of you to quit each other. A number of other Courteous young people should take this advice, too.

Broken-hearted, Alum Bridge, W. Va.—You sign yourself "Broken hearted" and say it is because a young man "goes with another girl a good cal." No wonder, my dear, it has such a bad effect. Suppose you try the spelling-book treatment on it for six months.

Lovie, Burlington, Iowa.—As he does not realize that you love him, yet is well acquainted with you and cares for no other girl, don't you know that if he cared a beat of his heart for you, that you would not be asking me how you should let him know how you feel? If you don't, now is the time to learn and the quicker you learn in this case, or any other you may have later, the happier you will be.

Marion, New York, N. Y.—Evidently you have the New York idea of marrying for the most you can get out of it in material results. If you loved this very desirable young man as you should, you would be glad enough to wait two or three years for him, especially as both of you would be better off by the waiting. Being engaged to him does not mean that you are not to have just as good time as any girl ought to have with plenty of friends. While he is in the West making a home for you, he would hardly expect you to retire from society and go into mourning for him, would he? I think, my dear, you don't care very much what husband you have, so long as it is a husband who is a good provider, and your parents ought to be ashamed of themselves for encouraging that material tendency in you.

Anxious, New Bloomfield, Pa.—Flirt with the man who gets cross when you talk to other young men, but don't marry him. A husband with a jealous disposition like that will make your future married life anything but a happy one.

Girlie, Crawford, Texas.—A girl makes just as much of a mistake by not caring for the attention of young men, as he does by caring too much for it. Human beings need pleasant association and companionship and every man and woman owes it to themselves and others to know each other, be with each other and help each other in every way they can. You can make your self about as unhappy being selfish and sour as you can by being foolish and sweet. Choose the golden medium and be happy making others happy. For this reason when the boys and girls came to your house to play tennis and didn't wait for the formalities, you should have joined them and made them welcome. Possibly, they should have come to you and your sisters before playing, but they felt that you were all friends and that was not necessary to be formal about it. Don't be finicky.

Chunie, Sunnyside, Cal.—Certainly when a bad young man tries to reform, everybody should do all that is possible, but this does not mean that young girls should accept "marked attention" from him and his friends as a sign of his reformation. Be friendly with him and encourage him to stick to the right path, but don't put your arms around him to hold him there. It may be heroic, but it isn't sensible to lose yourself trying to save somebody else.

Fayrie Queen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.—One month is just as lucky to marry in as another, and one color as lucky as another for a bride's dress. If you expect to build married happiness on a foundation of that kind, you should never marry.

Distressed, Orient, O.—If he loves you so little that his love can't follow you one hundred and eighty-five miles, it isn't much of a love. However, as you are sixteen and he is nineteen, you have plenty of time to think it over. It would be much more correct for him to get work in the neighborhood of your new home, than it would be for you to get work in his neighborhood and let your parents move away without you, as they have first claim on you until you are of age. Go on to your new home with your parents and if he loves you really and truly, he won't lose you, and maybe you won't lose him. Both of you should wait for at least five years to see if your love is warranted to last.

Anxious, New Haven, Conn.—You should have asked for an apology for his strange conduct on his previous call, and you should not have kissed him good by until he had made it and explained why he acted so. Don't be foolish over him and don't let him treat you any way he pleases, or you will be sorry enough before you are through with him. Young men of his type need to be controlled properly.

Cousin, Belle Plaine, Ia.—Sweethearts are always having little quarrels and this one of yours will soon pass over. If it hasn't done so already. But why should you worry about it more than he does? If he doesn't worry, you should give him up for someone who cared more for you.

Dimples, Peck, Va.—A fifteen-year-old girl shouldn't write to her "beau" at all and she will not, if her parents are doing their duty by her. You keep to your spelling-book. That's what you need more than beans.

There, my dears, you have my best wishes, some in pleasant humor and some other scoldy but my best wishes no less when I have to talk sharply to you for your own good, than when I don't. Now run along in the bright spring weather and let all of us be just as happy as the good Lord wants us to be. By, by, till we meet again.

Cousin Marion.

## A Sacrifice to Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Betty's sake. You see, I knew about her; I heard them talking about her in the store that night, before I stepped in. I had just started to ask if you still lived on the hill—but let that go. I was coming home to stay as long as I lived. I have been over most of the world, wandering in its countries, sailing all of its seas; but I never could forget that little cabin up there—among the rosebushes and honeysuckles—and I remembered the Sunset Window—and you—and Betty—

He broke down, sank to his knees in the darkness, and sobbed as a child, only more bitterly. But he was a man, and he recovered himself quickly.

"No," he went on calmly, "it will do no good whatever to own me. Nothing on earth can change the verdict now. We must keep Betty happy. Am I not right, Sheriff Raines?"

"It's hard," said the officer, his voice thick, "but it's best. You won't have to suffer long, Sarah Lee; and then you have the consolation of knowing your son is innocent, even if he can't prove it. Sarah Lee, there's a reward for such as you and your son, else there's no God. Newton Oliver, I want to shake your hand—you're your mother's son. I wish I could help you—hold—"

"—as a starting idea came to him—"Newton Oliver, if I were to let you out of here, would you tell it if you were caught?"

Young Oliver gripped the officer's hand hard, and his voice came shakily but determinedly:

"I cannot let you do that. You were my father's friend, and you have an oath to keep. Besides, I would as soon die as be hounded over the world for the rest of my life. Still, I thank you, sheriff."

Sarah Lee Oliver felt for George Raines' other hand, raised it to her lips and kissed it, her heart too full to permit her to speak her gratitude.

Then the little woman bade her son farewell and left the jail. He had told her that she must be a soldier, and that she must not try to see him again. Whispering over and over to herself that she would be almost satisfied if she knew he had not sworn to his innocence only to relieve her mind, she crept through the thick darkness to the lonely cabin on the hill.

When the pounding and rasping of hammer and saw came to her ears she would not look down into the jail yard. She knew that the gallows were going up.

As time ran on, the gossip spread the suspicion that the man to be hanged was the son of Sarah Lee Oliver. People began to look pityingly toward the old woman, and some of them asked her about it. But Sarah Lee would smile and deny it, while the wound ran red in her mother soul. It was a lie; but it was for Betty's happiness, and it must be done. What would Betty's set think if they knew that Betty's brother had died at the rope's end? That he was innocent would make little difference; all criminals protested their guiltlessness.

The day of the hanging came, and with it the terrible hour. The sun was bright; the air was filled with floating leaves of all colors and tints. Many of the townspeople crowded to the cabin on the hill to view the execution at a little distance.

Mrs. Spurden called Sarah Lee into the best room and left.

"Sarah Lee," she whispered, "it's no use to try to keep it. I know it's your son. Let us offer our sympathy."

"Why, Jane Spurden!" retorted Sarah Lee. "Do you think for one moment that I would hesitate to own my flesh and blood?"

Finally, with a strength that she had hardly dared hope was within her, she almost disarmed the gossip of her suspicion. Then the cries of those on the outside told them that the condemned man had walked to the scaffold.

"Come on out, Sarah Lee," called Mrs. Spurden.

It was the crucial test. Must she see her son hanged? But to refuse to go with Mrs. Spurden was as good as to admit that she was the unfortunate's mother. So Sarah Lee went to join the others who stood watching the doings in the jail yard below with morbid interest. And there the little widow stood bravely in the front ranks of the on-lookers, numb from pain, crucified on an invisible cross with nails of fire.

They saw the sheriff adjust a bandage about the eyes of the man who had called himself John Doe—and they noted that the condemned man stood as gallantly erect as though he were waiting for a crown instead of the most ignominious of deaths.

But something seemed wrong. Instead of throwing the trap, Sheriff Raines slashed at Newton Oliver's bonds and pushed him from the scaffold. Then he turned his face toward the cabin on the hill, and recognizing Sarah Lee, cried out in a voice that was terrible:

"It was your kiss—the mother kiss—it has burned a hole in my hand! There is a reward for such as I—and I am going to that reward!"

He quickly put the noose about his own neck, and the next moment had buried himself to his death.

Newton Oliver hastened to the little woman who knelt at the Sunset Window, under the sparrow's nest.

## A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

has jeopardized John Fletcher. If I give you up it will be as a midnight burglar, who stole into my room for the probable purpose of robbing the house. I shall not accuse you of having stolen those papers, but you will be searched—they will be found upon your person, and no matter what story you may then tell, very little credence will be given to it."

He saw it—and cursed himself again. What should he do? Should he yield to this woman whom he had persecuted for a score of years—own himself beaten by one who had practically been his slave?

He dropped his head upon his breast to think, and rammed both his hands savagely into his coat pockets.

Suddenly he started, and a satisfied exclamation broke from him.

"What is it?" demanded Imogen, who had caught the sound.

"No,—you! you're going to worst. I'll never yield a peg to you," he sullenly retorted.

The woman caught her breath sharply and swayed dizzily where she stood.

"Very well," she said, after a moment, "you will remain my prisoner for the night. I know it must be rather close in there, but you'll have to make the best of it, and you're welcome to take anything you can find to make a bed for yourself. I shall not retire, however; I shall remain here to give instant alarm if you attempt to use forcible measures to release yourself."

Again an oath escaped the man, for he had depended upon her going to bed, when he had hoped to make his escape; for, when he had plunged his hands into his pockets, his fingers had come in contact with a pair of pliers, which he had not known he had about him, and, as he was an expert in using such implements, he knew he could easily turn the key in the lock and thus escape from his prison.

But if his jailer contemplated sitting up all night, matters would become more complicated. At all events, he told himself that he would not give in until the last moment.

Accordingly, he tore a quantity of garments from their hooks and, spreading them upon the floor, settled himself to get what rest he could.

He finally fell asleep, while Imogen tried to while away the weary hours with a fresh novel; but she failed to get interested in the

## Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

## CHAPTER X.

## A LEGAL CONSULTATION.

A chamber in Lincoln's Inn, the private room in the offices of Mr. Richard Burdon, solicitor. Mr. Burdon himself is seated at the writing table in the center, talking to his friend and brother in the law, Mr. Edward More.

The table at which Mr. More sits is new, of well-seasoned mahogany and the best workmanship; the chairs—well stuffed and upholstered in leather—in which Mr. Burdon and the barrister sit, and their fellows round the room, are luxurious and comfortable to match. There is a handsome, sober-hued carpet upon the floor; dark, expensive rep curtains to the windows; and altogether an air of substantial, well-to-do comfort that is noticeable at a glance. At one time it was considered that a lawyer's office could not be too musty, dusty and badly furnished; but the lawyers themselves have changed all that; perhaps they have come to agree with the wisdom of the proverbial spider, and deemed it politic to make the ensnaring parlor pretty and enticing for their hapless victims.

The owner of the room, as he sits in the half-cool sunlight of this first morning in September, harmonizes well with the room and its adjuncts. Elderly, white-haired, sharp-browed, close-shaven, he looks, like his chairs and tables, well-to-do and prosperous, and, in addition, offers a striking contrast to the appearance and bearing of his companion, who, as well as differing from him in being small made, thin, dark and dissatisfied-looking, is, at the present moment, ill at ease and suffering from the first effects of a surprise, which he scarcely knows whether to consider welcome or unpleasant. Mr. Burdon leans back in his chair, his hand upon a thick pile of parchment, his placid, yea not unacute, eyes regarding his companion, who, as be fidgets in his chair and gnaws, restlessly, at his three forefingers.

"This is a most extraordinary story," he says, at last, in response to the elder gentleman's patient, but nevertheless expectant regard.

"Most extraordinary! And you say that it is as fresh to you as to me?"

There is palpable doubt in the tone, and still more plainly hinted incredulity in the look which accompanies the question.

Mr. Burdon does not appear to notice, certainly does not resent, either word or look.

"Yes, quite as fresh. I have, of course, never opened the deed until this morning—until just now. Why should I?"

"Why, indeed?" mutters Edward More, rising and walking to the window, where he stands for a moment to beat the devil's tattoo with his finger upon the glass. "Why, indeed, and yet—it is an extraordinary story—such a—romantic!" he says the word with a burst of irritable contempt—"business, that I should have thought you would have known something about it."

Mr. Burdon shakes his head.

"I did not know till this morning. I might have had some suspicion or idea, but nothing more."

Edward More breaks in with a sudden, suspicious question:

"I suppose it is all right?"

"How do you mean?" asks the other. "If you mean is the money all right, of course it is. Lord Sunley and myself are trustees."

"Yes, yes, I know," interposes Edward, with an impatient nod. "I don't suppose the money's anything but right; but the deed?"

"Is without a flaw," replies Mr. Burdon. "Look at it yourself—it was drawn up by one of the first conveyancers—Green. Nothing could be clearer."

"I wonder you weren't asked."

"How?" responds the other, with a smile. "Then the secret would have been out! No—John Weston was a far-seeing, acute man; he would have made a good lawyer, More; and he took every precaution to keep the thing quiet."

"Of course Green knew?"

"Of course! but there was nothing in that, any more than if the Sphinx had known it. You don't suppose Green would open his lips about a deed he had anything to do with if it was the understood thing that he shouldn't. No, I feel convinced that we three—Green, you and I—are the only ones who know of the existence of the deed, excepting the witnesses. Yes," he added, thoughtfully, "it is strange."

"And that precious brother of mine," commenced Edward More, with morose repugnance, "is in happy ignorance of this stroke of luck. Luck! no one ever had such luck, and no one less deserved it," he added, with an envious snarl.

"Well," said Mr. Burdon, with a curious smile, "as to luck, that remains to be proved. He may—he may, you know, refuse to comply with the conditions—"

"Psshaw!" interrupted the amiable brother, with a sneer.

"I said—may," remarked Burdon. "Of course it is not likely that he would be so unwise, so ill-advised as to turn his back upon such a fortune. It is to be hoped not, for your sake," he added, with a smile.

"Ah!" snarled Edward, biting at his finger and fidgeting in his chair. "For my sake, indeed! Do you think he'd spend any of it on the estate? Not he! You don't know him! He's a fool, and a spendthrift, and a profligate, who'd waste and play ducks and drakes with twenty such fortunes, all as large as this."

Mr. Burdon smiled, and rustled the documents under his hand.

"We can't say that. May have sown his wild oats by this time; and if he hasn't, the very condition by which he'd get the money would help him to! 'Pon my word, More. I don't think you've much to feel cut up about. The money would be in the family at least—"

"In one member's pocket, and that not for long," said Edward More, with a malignant sneer. "Oh, don't expect me to be overjoyed and congratulatory. I know too much of my precious brother ever to hope to get any advantage, directly or indirectly, through him. Now, if this money—"

He stopped abruptly, for a little bell sounded in the distance—it was the bell attached to the door of the clerks' office.

"Had only been left to you—if Edward More's name instead of Cyril's had stood in the deed," and Mr. Burdon laughed softly.

Edward More's ill-favored face flushed angrily and enviously, but before he could make any reply there was a knock at the door, and a soft-footed, discreet-voiced clerk stepped in and placed two cards before his principal.

"One minute, Lane. When I ring," said Mr. Burdon. Then he held up the cards.

"They have come," he said.

Edward More glanced at the substantial, expensive clock upon the mantelshelf, and fell to biting his forefinger again.

"The girl," he asked, "have you seen her? Do you know anything about her?"

Mr. Burdon shook his head.

"No, nothing. She has been living with her father, old Weston, the bookworm, as we used to call him, in Geneva. Since his death she has been under the care of her aunt, Weston's sister-in-law."

"And you've no idea what she will be likely to do—what course she'll take."

"How should I have?" asked Mr. Burdon. "Candidly, I don't expect any girl, however unsophisticated, to throw away a chance like this any more than I should suspect your brother of doing so."

"No, of course not!" assented Edward More, ill-humoredly. "She must be told today, I suppose."

"Certainly," said Mr. Burdon, tapping the deed. "What good would it be to anyone to keep it from her? Nothing could be done without her—nothing at all. I wish I had your brother here! You have no clew to his whereabouts?"

"None!" snapped Edward, the look of dislike and repugnance, which always rose to his face,

showing on it as usual. "None at all. How should I have? We never correspond; I take no interest in his proceedings. Have you—"

Mr. Burdon shook his head.

"I have not the remotest idea where he is. Since the general smash and wind-up, I have seen little of him—lately, nothing at all. He took what money there was—the rents and a slight advance in bank notes. There was some talk of Italy, or Switzerland, or it might be Germany—I could not take upon myself to say that I remember. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Edward, with a spiteful ring to the echo, however. "You pity him! A man who has brought all upon his own head, a fool who has wasted a fortune upon blacklegs and—and—every kind of prodigality, and not only his own money, but squandered and wasted, to the best of his ability, the estate that belongs to his family! Pity! I cannot understand how a man of sense can feel anything but disgust and contempt for him!"

"Ah, yes—yes, very true," said Mr. Burdon, as the handsome face of the abused man rose before him, with its genial, light-hearted, good-tempered smile: "but one may be too hard—a little too hard. But there, bad as he is, or is not, I'd give something to have him here."

As he spoke he took up a memorandum book, and consulted it.

"I sent Jackson after him last week, quite on my own responsibility, but of course I can't tell whether he will find him. There is one good thing, Sir Cyril carries a pretty distinct identity about with him. Few people who run against him are likely to pass him unnoticed. Like most of your wild men he is confounded handsome."

This was of all subjects the least to Edward More's taste.

"These people are still outside."

Mr. Burdon nodded.

"Nothing more to say before they come in?" he asked, with his hand on the bell, and as Edward shook his head, Mr. Burdon gave the signal.

The discreet clerk opened the door noiselessly, and the two ladies were ushered in.

Mr. Burdon rose from his chair with an inward sense of surprise. Of course no trace of it was visible on his legally composed features.

He had expected to see a half-formed, fairly bred, but rather commonplace young woman, with a decidedly foreign air and appearance, and with whose embarrassment and nervousness he should have to struggle and contend during the task that was set before him.

Instead, he saw a tall, graceful girl, with a face that, but for its look of weariness and pallor, would have been simply lovely; and what told with still greater effect upon the lawyer, an unmistakable air of high breeding which displayed itself in the carriage of her head, the composure—yet not constrained composure—and self-possession of her manner.

The lawyer had expected to have the task of soothing and overcoming the shyness of an inexperienced girl; before him stood a beautiful, queenly—well, almost woman.

"Miss Weston, how do you do? Miss Weston, I am very glad to see you: this is Mr. Edward More, with whom you will soon, no doubt, be well acquainted;" and he turned with his pleasant smile to introduce the then sour-visaged brother of wicked Sir Cyril.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## In & Around the Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

and fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, and fasten on next space on bias edge. Turn.

4th row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., on end.

5th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, fasten in next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space on bias edge. Turn.

6th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat twice. Ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, and d. c. on end.

7th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat twice, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space. Turn.

8th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, d. c. on end.

9th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, fasten on next single on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next space. Turn.

10th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 4 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

11th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 4 times, ch. 5, 8 d. c. in next space for petal, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 7, fasten on center of ch. 7, on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten to next single on bias edge. Turn.

12th row.—(Ch. 7, 1 s. c.,) repeat 5 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end. Turn.

13th row.—In this row the rose is begun. Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 4 times, ch. 5, 8 d. c. in next space for petal, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 7, fasten on center of ch. 7, on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten to next single on bias edge. Turn.

14th row.—Ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 8, ch. 5, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end. Turn.

15th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., (ch. 7, 1 s. c.) repeat 3 times, ch. 5, 16 d. c. over 12, ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 7, fasten on center of ch. 7, on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten to next single on bias edge. Turn.

16th row.—Ch. 5, begin side petal in next space by making 6 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c. over 16, ch. 5, 1 s. c. skip over space and make 6 d. c. for petal in next space, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end. Turn.

17th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 10 d. c., over 6 d. c. ch. 5, 12 d. c., over 14 d. c., ch. 5, 10 d. c., over 6 d. c., ch. 5, fasten on next space on bias edge, ch. 3, fasten on next single on bias edge. Turn.

18th row.—Ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 8 d. c., over 12 d. c., ch. 5, 14 d. c., over 10 d. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 7, 3 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. on end.

19th row.—Ch. 5, 3 d. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., before the petal and one on each double, ch. 5, 1 s. c. on second d. c. of petal, a "clones knot," fastened into second last double of petal, ch. 5, 1 d. c. on each d. c. of petal and 4 on the other side, ch. 5, fasten in space of bias edge, ch. 3, fasten in next single of bias edge. Turn.

20th row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 12 d. c. on petal, beginning at 5th, ch. 5, 1 s. c., 2 clones knots, ch. 5, 12 d. c., on petal, beginning at 3rd, ch. 5, 1

# Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery "Crystolis" "Grows Hair in 30 Days."

\$1000.00 Reward if We Fail on Our Guarantee. Try It at Our Risk. Mail Coupon Today.



Beautiful Hair and lots of it—if you use Crystolis

Here's good news at last for men and women whose hair is falling, who are growing bald and gray, whose scalps are covered with dandruff that nothing seems to keep away and whose heads itch like mad.

Good news even for those who imagine themselves hopelessly and incurably bald or who suffer from hair or scalp trouble of any kind.

We have secured the sole American rights for the great English discovery, Crystolis, the new hair remedy that in Europe has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century, having been awarded Gold Medals at the big Paris and Brussels Expositions.

Already since securing the American rights hundreds of men and women have written us to tell of phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in their beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have now a clean, healthy scalp and that hair stopped falling after a few applications of this wonderful new treatment.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair prematurely gray hair, matted or stringy hair; dan-

druff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS" at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it, and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. We have deposited \$1000 in our local bank as a special fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and

# FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles. Advt.

READING & Sewing Glasses, Gold Filled Frames & Lenses

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE.

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**MONEY** Made quickly by smart men.

T. AKTOL Co., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free.

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\$2.00 A DAY earned at home writing, send stamp.

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**ECZEMA** NEW REEDY'S Remedy FREE.

A. ROWER, Box 52, Milwaukee, Wis.

**MOTHERS** Use Zemette and your children's beds will be dry. **BOX FREE**.

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**PLAYS** Catalogue Free.

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**PRETTY GIRL** POST CARDS. For every occasion.

Michael Hart, 22, Chicago, Ill.

**C. S. A. Money** I guarantee what I handle are not

Reprints of Confederate Money.

Write for price list. Frank J. Shilling, Navarre, Ohio.

**GOLD** Send for catalog. Agents wanted.

Coutier Optical Co., Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.

**CANCER** Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise.

A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE** Send wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 50 art and relief post cards. \$2.00 post cards at 10c each. Order from Geo. Gates Co., Dept. 225 Chicago.

Agents Wanted. Make \$8 to \$50 a day. Send 10 cents for sample and large catalog 500 articles. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. C, Bath, N. Y.

**BE A DETECTIVE** Earn from \$150.00 to \$200.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUBINSKI, 122 Webster Building, Kansas City, Mo.

**Cold, Fever, Grippe, Chills,** Malaria, Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, and Exhaustion are quickly cured with Compound Quinine Capsules. Write for a free trial box. **KNEWITZ DRUG CO.**, 1541 Broadway, East St. Louis, Ill.

**Fish Bite** Like hungry wolves any season. If you bait with Magic-Fish-Lure. Best fish bait ever made. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.

J. F. Gregory, Dept. 13, St. Louis, Mo.

**PERPETUAL MOTION SECRET DISCOVERED** Be first to show it to your friends. Inventive, with full explanation of its mysterious power, sent for a dime (2 for 15c). Big laugh everywhere you show it. Easy to demonstrate. Fits vest pocket. Lots of fun. **PESCO**, Roselle, 315 Main St., Pittsburg, Pa.

**ASTHMA CURED** AND HAY FEVER Before

I will send any sufferer a \$1.00 bottle of LANGE'S TREATMENT by mail on FREE TRIAL. If it doesn't cure the \$1.00 is your report charge. Address D. J. LANGE, 250 Lee Bldg., St. Marys, Ohio.

**UNCLE CHARLIE'S** Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 50 cents each. Song Book 30 cents. Address **UNCLE CHARLIE**, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

**Pain Paint** Send 50c in stamps and we will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powder with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint stops pain instantly; removes Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, in one minute; cools faster than ice; burns will not blister. A spoonful taken four times a day kills Dyspepsia. Sold 40 years by agents.

R. L. Wolcott & Son, 3 Wolcott Bldg., New York.

**Ostrich Plumes**

16 Inches

Long

And

6 Inches

Wide

Positively

Guaranteed

as to Work-

manship,

Quality

and Color

Given For A Club Of Six!

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the upright trimmings now in vogue as they have thick, strong floss and a large full graceful French head with the latest fashionable flat curl. Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six 15-months sub-scriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 2-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 694.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Avil, Camp Crook, S. Dak.—A gentleman, who brings a lady home from a dance or other entertainment, is not entitled to kiss her as a reward for his services in her behalf. You owe him nothing except your thanks for his courtesy, and he owes you an apology for asking more than that.

Chick, Kannapolis, N. C.—Yes, sir, it was highly improper to ask a young lady to kiss you on leaving town after an acquaintance of four weeks, unless you had been busy and become engaged to her in that time. However, as you are only sixteen and want to know if you are old enough to wear long pants, you may be forgiven this time, but please do not let it occur again. P. S. An unkind kiss is sometimes loaded with a heavy load to your sorrow, but you will outgrow it. Cheer up, there's worse to follow.

Osma, Fairmont, W. Va.—A lady may say what she



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." —Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ark, Greenhorn, Little Rock, Ark.—Your fellow traveler having performed a service for you at some inconvenience to himself, you should not hesitate to recognize him when meeting him anywhere afterwards, provided, of course he is a person whom a lady should recognize socially. They might even become friends, though their meeting was so unconventional. (2) Fish is not to be eaten from the fingers, but one may take a chicken bone in his fingers, or a bone of any meat, or an ear of corn, though it is a little neater not to, except as to the ear of corn, which is not so greasy. Coffee, while hot, may be sipped with a spoon, but it is better form to let it cool sufficiently to drink from the cup. The small spoon of the demi-tasse is hardly to be used except to stir the coffee with.

Violet Eyes, White Springs, Fla.—Your mistake has been with the young man in postponing for a few weeks at a time the date of your marriage. You should, when he failed the first time to meet the date as he was not ready to marry, wait to have made the next date a year ahead. A young man out of a job cannot very well find within a few weeks enough to do to make him ready to assume a wife. In a year he might. As you are older than he is—twenty-one is too young for him to marry—you should manage the affair better than you have. We are inclined to think that the engagement should be broken and the young man left free to act, as he seems to be square enough, only he lacks the proper push to get anywhere. Also we may add that you seem to be too anxious to marry.

Fisherman, Paynesville, Minn.—As you called on the visiting lady and showed her attention while she was in your town it would be quite proper for you to call on her at her town without invitation as many ladies do not invite gentlemen to call. Still, it would be just a little more safe if you should write her asking if you might call. As to inviting her to spend the summer at your lakeside home, that would not be proper unless the invitation also went to her mother, or sister, or brother, or the whole family, or unless your home was also a summer hotel, and she would be willing to accept the courtesies of the hotel. However, talk to her about it.

Foolish, Rich Hill, Mo.—If the necklace is of any value and the young man declines to return it, thinking it smart to keep it, you might ask some lawyer friend of yours to write him a letter demanding its return or risk being arrested for taking and holding it. Otherwise you will have to get it back anyway you can.

J. W. W., Tate, Tenn.—For plain home comfort the girl, who likes work and her home better than anything else and doesn't care for books and company and is not much of a talker, will make the better wife for the man who likes his physical comfort. But for a man looking for companionship and the livelier mind and wider interest of a woman who divides her work with books and the wider interests of the world, the girl who is of that type is the more suitable. It is entirely a matter of individual taste and nobody can decide the question except yourself.

Dimples, Hecla, S. Dak.—The lady, to whom the gentleman says in meeting: "Well, how are you today?" should tell him how she was and ask him how he was or something like that. It is rather familiar and off hand, but passes properly among friends. (2) "Most sincerely," or "Most cordially" is the usual form nowadays of closing a letter to any one, except family letters or love-letters, though the writer may choose any form of closing.

N. F. S., Chelmsford, Mass.—You may be blushing and quiet and pretty and neat and care nothing for the young men, but you are getting away from that very commendable condition when you begin to question whether you should be that kind of a girl or not. As a rule of action in all your association with the opposite sex, always be agreeable and responsive to their attentions with the most kindly appreciation of them, but don't seek in any direct way to win their notice. If they don't notice you, be so intent upon other things of more value, that you won't notice whether they notice you or not. That is not indifference at all, but attention to what is more important to you in the world's work.

Troubled Three, Sharon, S. C.—A wave to a passing friend of either sex is quite proper in the country and quite the custom. (2) In going home from a dance or a call or other social entertainment, it is the lady's place to say when to go, though if they are friends and the man wants to go he may tell the lady how he feels about going and she may make the start. (3) It is very tomboyish for a girl to ride horseback with a man on the same horse. It is all right, when she has to make a journey and there is but one horse for both. At least, it used to be so a hundred years ago.

Dimples, Hamill, S. Dak.—It is bad enough when a girl gets silly over a man, but it is decidedly much worse and unnatural besides when she gets silly over another girl. If this girl you so fondly love is wise she will nip your silliness in the bud right at the beginning, and have nothing to do with you, unless she gets some good common sense to mix with your admiration.

S. F. H., Rochester, N. Y.—It will be quite correct for you to ask the gentleman to call, though if you have known each other for some time and he has not called recently, you should not invite him, as it will appear that you are more interested than purely social.

Curly, Gibbons, Mont.—We are not surprised that a boy eighteen years of age is in love with a girl. The woods are full of them. Neither are we surprised that you do not know how to propose to her. Many grown men find it difficult when they reach that point in their courtship. However, we advise that you wait until you are a man before proposing, and maybe by that time you will have learned something. An eighteen-year-old boy wanting to propose to a girl and not knowing how would be pathetic, only there are so many of them that they are a joke. At the same time, there should be more, because there are enough of them at that age who do know how and do get married as to cause a tremendous lot of domestic trouble.

Subscriber, Riddle, Oregon.—There has been quite a romance in your life, as you say, but the man of seventy is not the same man of forty years ago who said you were to be his second wife. There was a time when he was first a widower when you might have had him, but you chose differently and he took another in your place. Now that each of you has divorced your respective spouses you want to marry him, but the man of seventy with money is looking for a pretty young girl, not a handsome matron of sixty, and we fear that your romance is at an end. He knows as well as you do that he can't get you if he wants you, and as he makes no effort to do so, you should accept his indifference as a sure sign that he doesn't want you and make up your mind not to want him. But this is an interesting story just the same.

Avil, Camp Crook, S. Dak.—A gentleman, who brings a lady home from a dance or other entertainment, is not entitled to kiss her as a reward for his services in her behalf. You owe him nothing except your thanks for his courtesy, and he owes you an apology for asking more than that.

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# COMFORT

## WE WANT 500 MORE AGENTS

AT \$25 TO \$45 A WEEK

Experience unnecessary—We'll teach you the business—and how to make more a week than most men make a month—assign you exclusive territory and give you a big start. Master made \$80 clear profit first 10 hours. Fitter sold \$24 in 3 days. Brandt sold \$12 first week. Brewer sold \$18 in one day.

YOU SHOULD MAKE \$1500 a Year

This new Improved "Easy" self-starting device is right on the mark like it is invented—nothing so simple—price low—territory limited—big—possibilities unlimited—guaranteed. Every woman buys—can't help it—saves her steps, time, trouble and fuel—pays for itself in a little while. This marvelous new invention—this wonderful flat-iron has a seamless tank—joints braised—burns without odor—flat bottom burner, throws heat downward—no generating tube to clog—simple—easily cleaned. It's a basic need that makes you independent—gives you a local prestige and plenty of ready money. Write quick for FREE Sample Offer.

TOOTSIE MANUFACTURING CO., BOX 912, Dayton, Ohio



Send For Your Quick

pleases to a gentleman who asks her to go to the theater—"Yes, thank you," or "No, thank you," according to how she feels about it. (2) As you know only a few gentlemen and want to give a birthday party, and don't want all ladies, why not ask such gentlemen as you know and ask each lady to invite a gentleman of her acquaintance. That would be quite proper and add to the interest of the occasion. (3) A girl may best attract young men by being attractive herself and not trying to attract them.

Wynona, Lehigh, Iowa.—It is perfectly correct for a girl to accept a respectable young man's company home from church, or a party, but if the young man is really and truly respectable he will not let her find her way to church or a party, but will take her there and then bring her home.

P. H., Warren, N. C.—An engaged couple owe almost as much to each other as if they were married, and when either of them disregards the reasonable wishes of the other, the engagement should be broken. In your case the young woman is not acting at all as she should, in accepting the attentions of a man with whom you will have nothing to do for good reasons. It indicates disposition that no man wants in a wife and is a very sure sign that she has neither love nor respect for you. The engagement should be broken, and if you are wise there will be no reconciliation thereafter. Make the break permanent, unless you are marrying for trouble.

Scorning the proffered hand she sprang to the ground on the opposite side.

"What the devil?" ejaculated the man.

"Will you be kind enough to take me home immediately?" The tone was low but not to be misunderstood.

"I didn't mean any harm—"

"Will you take me home, or shall I walk?" He looked at her.

"Oh, I'll take you home," he muttered.

Margaret took her place in the rear seat. The homeward trip was made in an ominous silence except for the hum of the machine. The girl cowered in the farthest corner alternating between fierce anger and shamed chagrin. As they neared home she leaned forward to say:

"Please let me out on seventeenth street."

There was no answer save an increase of speed. As the auto whirled up to the curbing a little figure stumbled out and started to cross the street.

Margaret had only a confused sense of the happenings of the next minute. She recalled vaguely a muttered imprecation of "d—d brat!" as the car scarcely halted but sped on its way up the street. Then she found herself in the house with the still form of the child in her arms.



### Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

A. M., Minersville, Pa.—Writers to write photo-plays that will sell have to have a great deal more than a "returning coupon," or forty such. They have to have the ability and the practise. (2) If you have pictures which the papers do not have and they are such as they want they will buy them at good prices, but be sure you know what they want, or you will be disappointed. Pictures, songs, poems and stories are bought constantly but they are supplied by skilled artists. Don't try it unless you are skilled.

O. G. S., Warfordsburg, Pa.—The Gazette and The Republican, at last accounts, were the leading newspapers in Phoenix, Ariz. Our report is not the latest and there may have been changes.

T. M. T., Factoryville, Pa.—When a firm has misrepresented itself to anyone through the mails, and letters of inquiry are not answered, the final recourse is to submit the case to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. Simply state your case to the P. O. Department and the matter will be investigated. We hardly believe you will get your money back, because the company will claim that you were insured during the years you were paying and if you had died you would have been paid in full. Still, it should be made to play fair with its patrons.

S. H., Hawk Run, Pa.—The talk about the movement from the city to the farm has been increasing for several years, but thus far no definite general organization has been effected, though there are some individuals who are taking special interest and leading the way to what is sure to take place after a while, that is, as soon as people realize the advantages of the country. Of course, everybody can't live in the country, nor can everybody live in the city, though, at present the movement of the population is cityward. By and by the necessity will come for those to live in the country who can, and the movement will be in that direction until there is a just balance established. Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for reliable information and such addresses as you wish. If they are to be had, you will receive them.

Mrs. L. H., Callam, Wash.—This is not the proper department to apply to for legal advice. COMFORT employs an able lawyer to answer law questions through our "Home Lawyer" department. Write to "Editor COMFORT's Home Lawyer," Augusta, Maine, for any information regarding law matters. Other readers please take notice.

G. B. G., Clio, Mich.—A man votes where he lives and pays his taxes, but if he lives—that is, makes his permanent residence—in one place and owns property elsewhere and pays taxes there, he votes where he lives. At least that is the common practise, for every voter is not a taxpayer. Young men of age in college vote at their homes, unless they have never voted and may elect to claim their college town as home and vote there. In Michigan a voter must have lived in the state two years, and in the county, town and precinct twenty days. Voting laws vary in various states. Voters must register before voting in nearly all the states, but registry laws vary also. No matter what opinions old voters hold, the final settlement is made by the election judges wherever the voter goes to cast his vote.

M. A. G., Toone Furnace, Tenn.—We do not know where you will find the "consumption cure" you mention, but we wish to say to you positively that no plant on earth yet discovered is a cure for consumption, nor has any other cure yet been found by science though scientists are seeking it all the time. Fresh air thus far seems to be nearer a cure or a prevention, than anything else. If there is a predisposition to consumption in your family, you should move to the dry air of Colorado or Arizona or New Mexico and live in the open. The opportunities for industrious people are quite as good out there as in your state—maybe better, depending upon what your occupation is.

H. L. P., Sanborn, Ind.—The letter e is oftenest used of any letter in the alphabet. Vowels are used oftener than consonants, there being only five or six of them to go with about four times as many consonants. The letters most frequently used in ordinary writing are e, a, o, i, t, h, d, r, and s. Those least used are j, q, g, x, b, k, z. Get a job in a printing office and pull information right off the case. Besides if you become a good printer your information will be worth money to you.

Grant, Lochgelly, W. Va.—The books of O. Henry and Rudyard Kipling are first-class, but they are hardly suitable for children, except Kipling's "Jungle Book," and "Just So" stories. The books you should choose for entertainment and at the same time instruction are those juvenile books written especially for young people. If you will write to the Robert Clark Co. Publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., for list of juvenile books you will find in them the titles of the best books for juveniles. Good books for boys are the Scientific American Boy series, Munro & Co., New York. Captain Mayne Reid's stories are good for natural history, though they are not as modern as the others. Louis Untermeyer's books for girls are always good. Maria Edgeworth wrote popular stories but they are not modern. The Henry books as they are called, are historical stories, popular with boys, but not wholly reliable as history. They are highly interesting, however, and will cultivate a taste for reading. We are glad to see that you are interested in books, good books, and we hope other COMFORT parents will follow your example and get good books for their children. If you will write to H. Malkan, 42 Broadway, New York City, asking for prices of second-hand books for juveniles, you will be able to buy books very much cheaper than new, and quite as useful, though they may not be as fresh in their outside appearance. Many city boys and girls buy books and having read them, trade them in for others and thus the second-hand supply is always full, and prices are very low indeed, as compared with original prices.

M. T. Elizabethtown, Ky.—The hollow stone which you have found, filled with what you call glass, but which are quartz crystals, is known as a geode, and they are too common to be worth anything much, unless one happens to be very large with unusual crystals. This might bring a very fair price if some geological collector wanted it bad enough. Kentucky's geology is rather productive of geodes and we have seen some fine ones from there.

Mrs. S. B., Burgaw, N. C.—We advise you not to go to any trouble and expense to secure your share of any estate in England, because you will hardly get it. If you must make an effort, though, write your letters to Secretary, United States Embassy, London, England, and not direct to English officials, unless you put your case in the hands of an attorney who will act as he thinks best.

M. A. N., Pearl, Ill.—You are not going about it right to get a position as railroad time-keeper. The men high in authority, whose addresses you ask for, are not the men you should try to reach, but those in immediate charge of such a position as you want. If you wrote to the others your letters would be at once referred to the department where they belonged and the men high up would know nothing about it. As you are experienced in the work you ought to know someone personally who could assist you in getting a place. Naturally, friends or acquaintances will have the call over strangers. Other COMFORT readers, who write to us for the names of high officials when they are looking for subordinate positions, please make a note of this. The big men of all these great corporations have nothing whatever to do with employing men except for the very highest official positions.

## Dolly Prim and Her Dresses

HERE is the fun you have been waiting for. A neat little dolly and four beautiful dresses to cut out and put on her. The best way to do it is to paste the whole picture on a piece of cardboard and after it is dry, if you wish, you can color them all nice bright colors, with crayons or chalk. For instance you can make the hair dark or light brown, and the face pink, and the skirts blue, and the waists red, and so on to suit yourself. When this is done cut around the edge of each dress and hat with the scissors. Take care to leave the tabs on. The dresses are put on Dolly Prim by bending the little tabs back. The wedge-shaped piece is bent on the dotted line and

pasted to Dolly's back so she can stand up alone. The hats are slit at the dotted line and placed over Dolly's head. In this picture we have four different gowns and three hats. Keep Dolly Prim and her dresses in a nice clean box when you are not playing with them. This is the last paper doll we shall print this season because the weather is getting warm now and it is best for you little girls to play outdoors through the summer. How have you liked the Cubby Bear stories? I wish you would write me, or get your mammas to write and let me know what you think of those stories and the paper dolls, and tell me what kind of stories you little girls like best.

UNCLE JOHN, Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Story About Dolly Prim

One day Miss Alice, who is Dolly Prim's missress, asked her where she wanted to go, and Dolly answered, "To the seashore." Alice then put on Dolly the black dress and hat, with the shovel in one hand and the pail in the other, and they went and dug in the sand and had a jolly time. After a while they got tired and wanted to go home. Miss Alice thought best to put the gray-striped suit and sunbonnet on for the return trip and this pleased Dolly very much. They got home very hungry just in time for dinner. After eating they felt tired and wanted to sit in the shade and read. "I have just the proper costume

for this," said Alice gaily, and she dressed Dolly in the white suit which needs the pointed cap with the feather in it to make a complete change. For a while Alice was busy looking at the pictures and did not notice that Dolly had nodded to sleep. "Why dear little thing," she said, when she looked around and saw what had happened, "I should have put you to bed long ago." In a minute she had Dolly dressed in her cute little pajamas, and after giving her a great big kiss tucked her cozily in bed. Was not that a pleasant day for both of them?

## Cubby Bear, Peacemaker

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"BUNNY RABBIT! BUNNY RABBIT! Where are you going so fast?" cried little Cubby Bear, burrying after the gray streak that was disappearing around a thicket of cedars. Cubby Rabbit stopped. "You may go with me if you like," he said. "I am going after a plant. I saw it yesterday—such a beautiful plant, with a fine, red flower! I am going to plant it just beside the door of my house. Then I shall look for other pretty flowers in my walks through the forest and fields, and I hope some day to have a fine garden."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Cubby Bear. "I will help you." They soon came to where the beautiful red flower was growing. Taking it up carefully, with plenty of dirt, so that the tender roots might not be destroyed, they hurried back to Bunny Rabbit's house. When it was planted beside the door, they called Chirpy Chipmunk, who lived near, and Wollie Woodchuck, who happened to be passing by, to admire it.

"How glad I shall be," said Bunny, "when I have a nice, large garden: I shall have ferns, and ladies' slippers, and jack-in-the-pulpits, and many pretty things growing in it!"

For three days after that, the weather was rainy, and Cubby Bear stayed at home, but the next pleasant day he went to call on Bunny Rabbit and see the red flower.

Poor Bunny was trotting back and forth, waving his paws in distress. "Oh, what is the matter?" asked Cubby Bear. "Are the Bunny Babies sick again?"

"No, no!" answered Bunny. "Not so bad as that, but my flower—oh, Cubby Bear, look, look!"

A long way Cubby Bear had to go to find Backy Coon. He was high up in a spruce tree, playing tag with his brother.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him do it."

"Because Dr. Squilly Porcupine told me."

Then little Cubby Bear went to Squilly's house.

But Squilly was not at home.

"I know where he is," called Billy Blue Jay.

"He has gone to see Polly Partridge, whose cold is worse."

So Cubby Bear sat down and waited until

Wolliie Porcupine came home.

"Did you see Wollie Woodchuck trample down and spoil Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower?" asked Cubby.

"No, I did not see him."

"Then why did you tell Molly Muskrat so?"

"Because Wozie Weasel told me."

"Ah!" cried Cubby Bear. "I was afraid Wozie had something to do with it! He is always making trouble. Oh, here comes Shinyblack Crow! We will see if he knows anything about it!"

"Yes, I know all about it," said Shinyblack Crow.

"I happened to be flying by and saw Wozie Weasel and Foxy Reynard in front of Bunny Rabbit's house, so I lighted on a tree and watched them. They had trampled down and spoiled Bunny Rabbit's beautiful red flower, and I heard Wozie say, 'We will tell him it was Wollie Woodchuck did it.' Oh, what fun!"

"It was not good fun," said Cubby Bear, "and it made trouble."

"I hope, Squilly Porcupine," said Shinyblack Crow, "that you will not tell anything again that bad Wozie Weasel tells you without first finding out if it is true."

Then little Cubby Bear and Shinyblack Crow went to Bunny Rabbit's house, taking Wollie Woodchuck with them.

When Bunny Rabbit saw Wollie, he said:

"Why do you come to my house, Wollie Woodchuck? I have no pretty flowers left for you to spoil! Go away! I do not want you here!"

Then little Cubby Bear said:

"No, no, Bunny Rabbit, it was not Wollie Woodchuck who spoiled your plant, it was that bad Wozie Weasel, as good Shinyblack Crow knows. He has come here to tell you about it, and we brought Wollie Woodchuck, so that you and he may be friends once more."

So the two little animals shook paws, promising always to be friends, and kind-hearted little Cubby Bear was happy.

### HEIRS WANTED

BORJESSON, Carl Frederick; born Sweden 1836. Maiden name of mother, Brandt.

CLARK, Margaret, nee Thomas. Born Massachusetts, married Frank Emerson Clark in N. Y.

DOODY, John; resided Springfield, Mass., about forty years ago.

GRANIERIERS, Charles A.; born France about 1814; hatter; resided New York 1850.

KING, Michael; born Mitchelstown, County Cork, about 1830; son of John.

KING, Patrick; born County Waterford, Ireland, about 1863; resided Washington, D. C. 1894.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

Got More Pleasure Out of Uncle Charlie's Poems Than Any Other Book

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, Detroit, Minn., says about Uncle Charlie's Poems and you'd say more than that if you had a copy in your hands. For eight years we've been telling you about this gorgeous book of rib-tickling fun, and though we have given you an opportunity to secure this delightful volume that would bring joy and happiness to you and yours, only one book which you can obtain without the outlay of a single cent. If you want to know the real Uncle Charlie, possess pictures of him at his work and know the history of his life, get up a club of only four fifteen-month subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure this exquisitely bound, 160-page, lilac cloth bound volume which contains the funniest and best recitations for parlor and stage ever written. Best spring medicine in the world. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Songs Sang Themselves Into Her Heart

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, Detroit, Mich., says about Uncle Charlie's Poems and you'd say more than that if you had a copy in your hands. For eight years we've been telling you about this gorgeous book of rib-tickling fun, and though we have given you an opportunity to secure this delightful volume that would bring joy and happiness to you and yours, only one book which you can obtain without the outlay of a single cent. If you want to know the real Uncle Charlie, possess pictures of him at his work and know the history of his life, get up a club of only four fifteen-month subscribers to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and secure this exquisitely bound, 160-page, lilac cloth bound volume which contains the funniest and best recitations for parlor and stage ever written. Best spring medicine in the world. Work for it today.

PLANT FIFTY-SIX MILES OF ROSES IN ONE DAY.

—Fifty-six miles of roses were recently added to the beauties of Portland, Oregon, with the planting in one day of 100,000 bushes. They were purchased as a result of the campaign started by the City Beautiful Committee of the Rose Festival Association, the purpose being to make the city more than usually attractive in preparation for the coming of visitors on their way to and from the exposition at San Francisco. Many roses worth \$1 were sold by the committee through the cooperation of florists at 12½ cents each. The bushes sold are large enough to bloom in time for the Rose Festival in June.

COW CREATES NEW WORLD'S RECORD.—Tests completed by the Dairy Department of the Ohio State University establish a world's record in milk production, according to figures made public. The new dairy queen is Murne Cowan, a five-year-old Guernsey cow which in the last year produced twelve tons of milk. The cow's milk averaged five per cent in butter fat. During the year she produced 1,096 pounds of butter fat, which churned into 1,400 pounds of butter. Her home is a farm near Barberton, Ohio.



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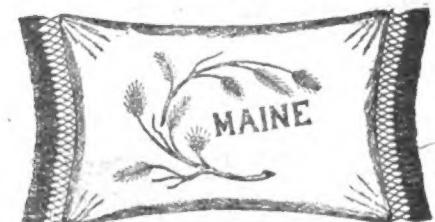
The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Navy, Cardinal and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

## State and Birthday Pillow Tops



Premium No. 7251



Premium No. 7261

EVERY reader of COMFORT should have one of these handsome **Birthday** pillow tops showing the respective month in which you were born. Also in honor of the state in which you reside you should have at least one of these new **State** pillow tops. These two designs are the newest thing out and are becoming immensely popular because they are something a little "different." We have these pillow tops for every month in the year and every state in the Union so no matter when you were born or in what state you live we can give you a pillow top representing the month of your birth and another one emblematic of your own home state. These pillow tops are just as handsome as they are appropriate, the designs being tinted in natural colors on a fine art cloth 17 x 21 inches in size. We will send you your choice of either pillow top or both pillow tops free upon the terms of the following special offers.

**Offer No. 7251 A.** For one 15-month subscription at 25 cents, we will send you a Birthday Pillow Top free and prepaid. **Be sure to state what month you want.**

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**Offer No. 7261 B.** For your own subscription or present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you any State Pillow Top free and prepaid. **Be sure to mention state wanted.** Premium 7261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

W. H., Montgomery, Ala.—You are like hundreds of other COMFORT patients who seem to be lacking in good hard common sense about themselves when there is any trouble with them that they cannot cure by some simple remedy. You say you have been advised by various physicians who are undecided whether you are suffering from appendicitis or not, and then when the finest physician in your city and head of a hospital asks you to come to him and be thoroughly examined you write to us: "But I do not want to go and be examined. I have such a horror of operations and am afraid if they have such a horror they will want to cut somewhere, so I decided I would write to you and maybe you can tell me what is the matter with me." Now why did you think that? When half-a-dozen physicians who can see you personally are unable to decide, how can you expect us to guess at it a thousand miles away? The only advice we have to offer is that you go to the hospital and be properly examined to determine what causes the trouble. Even if an operation is necessary, is it one tenth as bad as suffering for years, even if you don't die in the mean time in agony? Get your good sense into normal condition and go to the hospital, where you should have gone long ago.

J. S., Charlestown, Mass.—The nervousness which gives you the tremors all over when you go out on the street or in company and does not trouble you at home, can only be cured by the exercise of your will power. There is no organic trouble and you become nervous simply because you become so self-conscious that you are what in common parlance is called "rattled." If you will go out as often as you possibly can and meet people often, having a grim determination not to let your nerves conquer you, it will not be long until you overcome your nervousness. Medicine will do no good, unless there is some underlying cause we don't know anything about.

Wis. Girl, Walworth, Wis.—The dandruff remedies as to be had in drug-stores are as good local remedies as can be prescribed. But possibly there is some disease of the scalp, or the blood is out of condition, as is often the case with dandruff excess which will not yield to the ordinary local applications. Only an examination will determine this. Curling the hair on hot curlers will injure it, and to a less extent on cold irons. You are trying to make your hair do something nature did not intend that it should do and such treatment being unnatural will result in injury.

Mrs. H. L. S., Denton, Tex.—Just what the Hookworm Commission has done in Texas, or is doing, we cannot say, or what your State Board of Health or Local Boards have done, but there has been a wide crusade against the worm all over the South and any doctor in your neighborhood can give you information on the subject, or treat your case himself. The treatment is simple and efficacious, but you should not attempt self-treatment, unless the Board of Health issues a formula for private use. Don't delay if there is any hookworm in your family or among your neighbors. The man or woman who permits the existence of hookworm, when the remedy is so simple, is an enemy of the state and should be punished by law.

E. A., New Orleans, La.—How do you know you have a weak heart? A great many people imagine they have heart trouble, when the real trouble is indigestion. You ask the physician who told you you had weak heart to prescribe the proper tonic. We are not guessing at really weak hearts; they are too vital.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Navy, Cardinal and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

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EVERY reader of COMFORT should have one of these

handsome **Birthday** pillow tops showing the respective

month in which you were born. Also in honor of the

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these new **State** pillow tops. These two designs are the

newest thing out and are becoming immensely popular

because they are something a little "different." We have

these pillow tops for every month in the year and every

state in the Union so no matter when you were born or in

what state you live we can give you a pillow top repre-

senting the month of your birth and another one emblematic

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in natural colors on a fine art cloth 17 x 21 inches in size.

We will send you your choice of either pillow top or both

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Information how they may give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women.

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He has proven that the pains at childbirth need no longer be feared by women and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, No. 8 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy, children, absolutely without fear of pain. Also how to become a mother. Do not delay, but write TO-DAY.

Write for this FREE BOOK today.



treated now he may become sound and outgrow it. If possible you should take him to a hospital, or to a specialist in rectal diseases. It was very unwise for your husband to use a razor on the fistula and nothing should be done except under the direction of a physician who can make personal examinations. (2) Constipation often is very stubborn and when of long standing may be incurable, but a great relief may be found in taking two or three tablespoonsfuls of pure olive oil before or during meals. It will not act at once, but by and by its effects will be felt. Warm water injections, two or three times a week, are also good. In addition have a care what you eat and how you eat—never swallowing a mouthful of food until it is chewed to a pulp and thoroughly insalivated, that is, made ready for the stomach and digestive organs. Diet, exercise and massage of the bowels are much more effective than medicine for the treatment of constipation. Eat whole wheat, graham, bran or corn bread, also the coarse-ground cereals in the form of mush, and plenty of fruit. Laxative drugs lose their effect if used continually.

O. S., Kingston, Tenn.—There is no remedy that we know of for superfluous hair on face and nose except the ordinary depilatories to be had at drug-stores, unless you are able to submit to the treatment and expense of a specialist who may make a good job of it or may not, though your bill will be the same—a big one.

Mrs. A. L., Vermillion, Ont.—Lunar caustic (nitrate of silver), to be had at any drug-store, is the usual remedy for warts. In applying it be careful not to get it on the skin around the warts as it will burn and make a sore spot. A doctor will have to see the pimple on the child's abdomen to determine its cause, as it seems to be something more than a mere local eruption.

Agnes, La Salle, Ill.—How long a draining-tube used after an operation must remain depends upon the condition of the patient. In some cases, only a very short time suffices, and in others weeks, or even months, must pass before it may be removed. If the physician who operated on you said you had no gall-stones, he should know better than anyone else, and we can hardly be expected to guess at it from this distance. The rheumatic or neuralgic pains you feel on the opposite side are very likely due to the disturbances of the operation. As long as you feel the good effects of the tube, you should by all means let it remain. Your doctor knows when to remove it, and don't you try to doctor yourself.

J. T. W., Paris, Texas.—The knot at the knuckle of your finger, which comes and goes and is very painful, is, we think, due to a rheumatic condition not severe enough yet to be more demonstrative. Rheumatism often expresses itself in small knots at the finger and other joints, and may never get worse than that, though the chances are that it will as you grow older. The next knot that appears should have a doctor's personal attention. Prevention is far better than cure, especially in rheumatism.

E. A., New Orleans, La.—How do you know you have a weak heart? A great many people imagine they have heart trouble, when the real trouble is indigestion. You ask the physician who told you you had weak heart to prescribe the proper tonic. We are not guessing at really weak hearts; they are too vital.

A. L. J., Clanton, Ala.—We believe with the doctor who pronounced your child's trouble fistula and it may trouble him all his life. Still, if it is skillfully

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## 38-Piece Fishing Outfit



## FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have enough money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces—each one of which is guaranteed to be strictly high-grade and of the very best quality. There are Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinker all ready for business, and the other is a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber", and 1 Ringed Sinker—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be strictly high-grade and just what you would want to buy in any store, although the 38 separate pieces, if bought outright, would cost you at least one dollar. We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit absolutely free, if you will accept the following offer and know that you will be pleased and delighted with it.

**Club Offer:** For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, Premium No. 286, packed in a good, strong box free by Parcel Post prepaid.

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THESE Pins are the new style and shape that are now being worn in place of the bar pins. They come in sets of three. Each pin has a **14-K gold front**, beautifully engraved and is absolutely warranted for five years. Any woman and girl will find many uses for a set of these dainty pins. They may be worn as regular collar pins but are especially attractive when used to fasten the sheer muslin and lace collars and vests that are worn so much at the present time. They are used in place of other fastenings and add a very attractive finishing touch to the costume. We will send you a set of three of these collar pins free upon the terms of the following

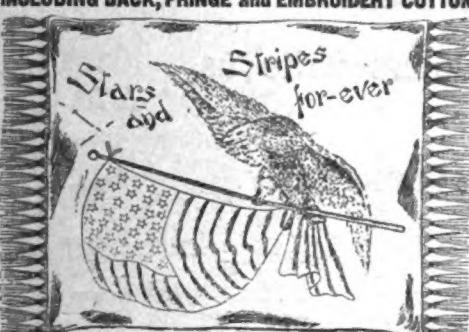
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INCLUDING BACK, FRINGE and EMBROIDERY COTTON



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YOU CAN have your choice of the American Flag, or the Rose, or the Daisy Pillow Top, or you can have any two of them or all three of them if you desire. Each top is 17x21 inches in size, made of good quality art cloth that will stand lots of wear, and the designs are stamped and tinted in colors that are correct and true to nature. We include free the back, three-inch wide fringe and sufficient embroidery cotton to work each top, also a lesson in embroidery. No home is complete without lots of pillow tops scattered about living-room and parlor and no matter how many pillow tops you may already have you certainly can find room for three more, especially as these are bright, new attractive designs. You may have your choice of any or all of them by accepting the following

**Club Offers.** For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one pillow top free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or for a club of three 15-month subscriptions, we will send you two pillow tops, or for a club of four, three pillow tops. Remember, that with each top we also give you the back, a yard of 3-inch fringe and enough embroidery cotton to work it with. When ordering be sure to specify number or number of tops wanted.

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## Combination Embroidery And Stamping Outfit



## All New Popular Designs!

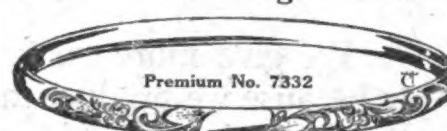
AND embroidery is in greater demand than ever this season owing to the simplicity of the dresses and waists. Even the plainest costume may be made very stylish and attractive by adding some handsome design in hand embroidery. We have been careful to include in this stamping outfit only the prettiest and most practical designs a few of which are shown in the above illustration. Also we have included some very attractive and popular designs already stamped on good material. There are three large sheets of perforated patterns containing designs for linen suits, corset covers, collar and cuffs, baby's dresses, baby's kilimons, handkerchiefs, centerpieces, calendars, picture frames, one complete alphabet and many other popular and stylish designs, also a book of superior stamping preparation, distributor and full

## Given For A Club Of Two!

directions. In addition to the perforated patterns we also give you one large tray cloth, 8x17 inches, and six 5x2 inch doilies to match all stamped on real white Irish Linen, one oblong pillow top 17x21 inches, hand tinted on eau art cloth, one bone stiletto for punching holes for eyelet embroidery, one package of 10 embroidery needles and ten skeins of white embroidery mercerized cotton floss. We will be glad to send any woman or girl this complete outfit exactly as described free upon the terms of the following

**Club Offer.** For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this new Combination Embroidery and Stamping Outfit free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7312. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet



Premium No. 7332

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THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The handsome bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine rolled gold plate and positively guaranteed for five years. It is beautifully engraved, one half the way round it and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-1/2 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these handsome bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal there is no reason why all cannot have one. Remember, however, that although we ask you for a very small claim this is not a cheap bracelet in any sense of the word. It is just as dainty and refined looking as a solid gold bracelet and it will wear beautifully for years and give you the best of satisfaction. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following

**Club Offer.** For two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7332.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Wizard Water Pistol



Premium No. 716

## Given For One Subscription

TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, "six shooter" but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water 30 feet straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzles into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for ten shots (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have loads of fun with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise "shower baths" and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly harmless to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

**Offer No. 716 A.** For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.

**Offer No. 716 B.** For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## LOCKET AND CHAIN

## Rolled Gold Plate!



Premium No. 7213

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Warranted For 5 Years!

stand an acid test and warranted for five years. You could easily pay \$5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

**Club Offer.** For three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 7213.)

## Boys' Base Ball Outfit

## A Good Ball, Glove, Catcher's Mitt, Mask And Suit Consisting Of Trouser, Shirt, Belt and Cap!



BOYS, here is your chance! We will give every boy who accepts our offer this dandy baseball outfit and it will not cost you one cent. It consists of a splendid baseball, junior size, with extra well sewed genuine horsehide cover—a beauty of a **fielder's glove** made of brown Nappa leather, kid lined, strongly sewed, with web thumb, a regular big league style **catcher's mitt** made of Craven tan leather, well padded, a strong, durable catcher's mask made of electro blued steel wire with side pads, head and chin pieces and a handsome gray flannel suit, consisting of padded trousers, a shirt with elbow sleeves and collared collar, cap with red visor and a red belt with a metal clasp. No matter how old you are—if you are not over 14 years of age—we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly as we have them in all sizes up to 14 years. The ball, glove, mask and mitt are the famous **"D. & M."** brand made by the Draper-Maynard Company, one of the largest and best known sporting goods manufacturers in the country. We tell you this so that you may know that we are giving you the "real thing" an outfit that you will feel proud to own and one that will stand the wear and tear of a hundred hard fought games. When you order this outfit be sure to give your chest measure. Don't forget that because we want to send a suit that will fit you

**Given For A Club Of Twelve.**

FOR a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete baseball outfit exactly as described above. When ordering be sure to give your chest measure. (Premium No. 72012.)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Prepay All Charges



## Pair Of Turkish Towels

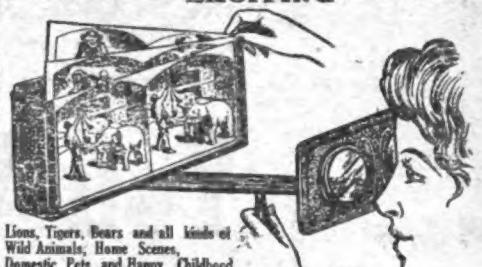
Premium No. 7302

## For Two Subscriptions

AT the time is nothing quite so fine as a good rub down with a **Turkish towel**. In fact it is the **best towel** for all purposes, whether for the bath or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the thick, heavy **fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also great for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are **genuine Turkish towels**—not the imitation kind—and are **17 inches wide and 36 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished and are in every respect equal to towels that you would willingly pay \$1.00 a pair for in any store. We will make you a present of one pair of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

**Club Offer.** For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7302. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style, Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a good collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price **low enough** to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

**FREE OFFER.** Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. Premium No. 646.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Prem. No. 7342

BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For A Club Of Two

Wish

girl who like to be up-to-the-minute in fashion while those who can afford it wear birth-stones. We give the handsomest illustrated here will be greatly delighted with it. It is one of the found among a large number of our approval by the manufacturer in the United States. It has a 15-inch plate cable chain, the **rolled-gold plate** pendant is also made of gold and set with **your own birthstone** and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful int. **Baroque pearl**. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents:

January	The Garnet, Symbol of Power
February	The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love
March	The Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage
April	The Diamond, Symbol of Protection
May	The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality
June	The Pearl, Symbol of Long Life
July	The Ruby, Symbol of Charity
August	The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness
September	The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy
October	The Opal, Symbol of Hope
November	The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship
December	The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

**CLUB OFFER.** For only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7342.

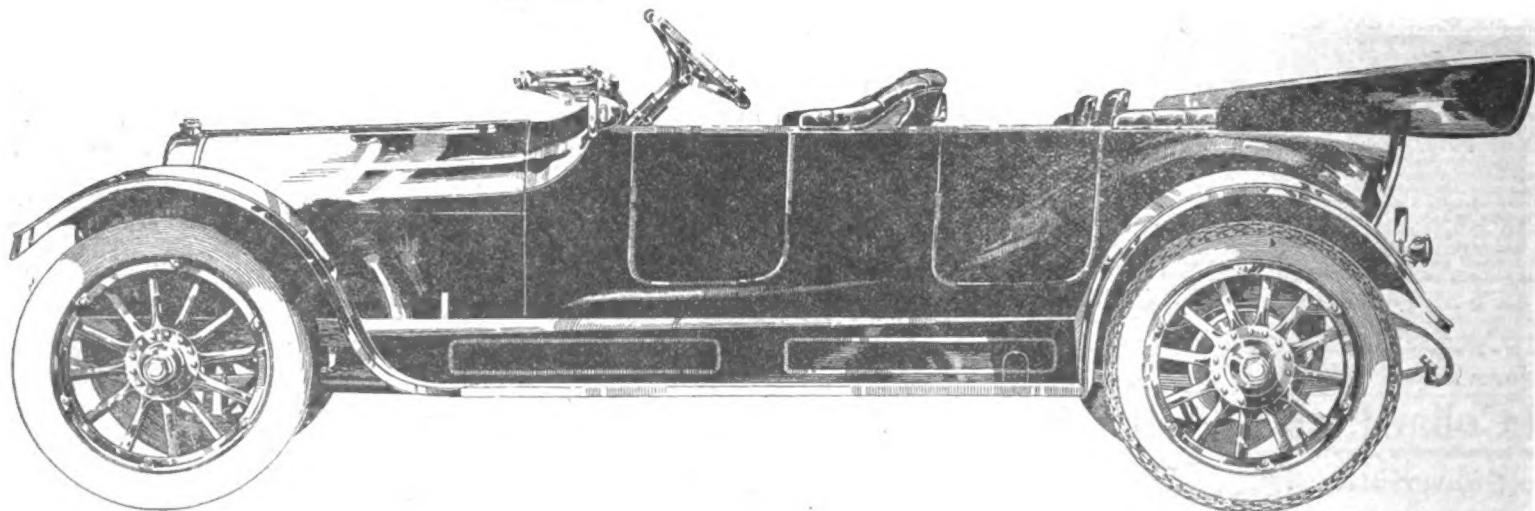
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Six**

*Overland*  
TRADE MARK REG.

**\$1475**

*f. o. b. Toledo*



*Yours Who Want the Latest*

**I**N no other popular priced Six can you get the power; the size; the capacity; the advantages; the conveniences; *the all around actual ability and the practical efficiency.*

For example:

This Six seats seven adults—comfortably.

The wheel base of the Overland Six is 125 inches.

The wheel base of other Sixes, at a similar price, is *shorter*.

The six cylinder motor is of the latest en bloc design. It is conservatively rated at 45 horsepower.

The motors of other Sixes, at a similar price, are *not* as powerful, *nor* as flexible, *nor* as up-to-date.

The Overland has high tension magneto ignition.

Most other Sixes have *not*.

The tires are 35 x 4½" all around with non-skids in the rear.

The tires of other Sixes, at a similar price, are *smaller*.

Most other Sixes do *not* have non-skids on the rear.

Such is the economical result of Overland quantity production.

We give more car for less money simply because we produce more cars than any other manufacturer of Sixes in the world.

Buy an Overland Six and save money

See the Overland dealer today.

If you haven't his address write us quick.

Deliveries can be made immediately.

Order yours *now*.

#### **Send for this Great FREE Book**

We have just published a book entitled "Points in Judging an Automobile." This book explains and pictures fifty-eight definite Overland Advantages. Send for the book today. It's free. Fill out this coupon.

#### **Mail This Coupon Today**

The Willys-Overland Company,  
Dept. 275, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Please send me free of charge and post paid your book entitled "Points in Judging an Automobile."

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R. F. D. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Town \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Other Models \$795 to \$1600. All prices f. o. b. Toledo.

"Made in U. S. A."

**The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio**

